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Tributes to Lawrence of Arabia

Broadcast on May 19, the day of Colonel Lawrence’s death

I—In War

By Field-Marshal VISCOUNT ALLENBY

IN T. E. Shaw, better known to the public as Colonel T. E. Lawrence, I have lost a good friend and a valued comrade. When first I met him—in the summer of 1917—he had just returned from a venturesome raid behind the Turkish front: thenceforward, until the Armistice, we were closely associated in the conduct of the campaigns of 1917 and 1918 in Palestine and Syria—closely, that is, in mind and purpose, though distance often separated us widely.

Lawrence was under my command, but, after acquainting him with my strategical plan, I gave him a free hand. His co-operation was marked by the utmost loyalty, and I never had anything but praise for his work which, indeed, was invaluable throughout the campaign. He was the mainspring of the Arab movement. He knew their language, their manners, their mentality; he understood and shared their merry, sly humour; in daring, he led them; in endurance, he equalled, if not surpassed, their strongest. Though in complete sympathy with his companions, and sharing to the full with them hardship and danger, he was careful to maintain the dignity of his position as Confidential Adviser to the Emir Feisal. Himself an Emir, he

wore the robes of that rank, and kept up a suitable degree of state.

His own bodyguard—men of wild and adventurous spirit—were all picked by Lawrence personally. Mounted on thoroughbred camels, they followed him in all his daring rides; and among those reckless desert rangers there was none who would not willingly have died for their chief. In fact, not a few lost their lives through devotion to him and in defence of his person. The shy and retiring scholar, archæologist, philosopher, was swept by the tide of war into a position undreamt of.

His well-balanced brain and disciplined imagination facilitated adaptation to the new environment; and there shone forth a brilliant tactician, with a genius for leadership. Such men win friends—such also find critics and detractors. But the highest reward for success is the inward knowledge that it has been rightly won. Praise or blame were regarded with indifference by Lawrence. He did his duty as he saw it before him. He has left, to us who knew and admired him, a beloved memory; and to all his countrymen, the example of a life well-spent in service.

II—In Peace

By SIR HERBERT BAKER

I FIRST MET Colonel Lawrence shortly after the War, at Oxford, in a New College Common Room. I was at once fascinated by his laughing, roving, blue eyes, and his high, domed forehead—giving such an assurance of high character and intellect. He seemed to radiate a magnetic influence, such as, long ago, I felt in the presence of Cecil Rhodes: if I had been younger, I thought, I would have followed Lawrence in any adventure. I questioned him about the War—he answered with questions on art. We made friends then and there.

When seeking a peaceful hiding place from the hounds of publicity, he found refuge in the attic of my office in a quiet secluded street in Westminster. He refused all comforts—fire, hot water or food. He usually slept by day and worked by night on his book *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*—in airman's clothes in winter cold—and went out for his occasional meals. We seldom heard a sound: I would look up from my drawing-board to see him, gnome-like, watching with a smile. On summer evenings we would tramp over London, where traffic-free—criticising the architecture; returning to a late supper and long talks. He could not be drawn on his war adventures, except in his kindness to the young.

His knowledge of mediæval architecture was wide. In studying the history of the Crusades he had visited every Early Gothic building in England and in France—on two francs a day—on a bicycle, feeding on bread and blackberries. He had a profound insight into all the arts, and in literature I was soon out of my depths with him. I could not agree with him in all his views on art; standards, tastes and emotions changed with the War.

His mind can best be explained, perhaps, by his comments on the illustrations in his *Seven Pillars*; as we turned over its pages he would explain their meanings, but of some of the strange woodcuts at the ends of the chapters he would say: 'I don't know what they mean—they are mad; the War was mad'. Were they to relieve the tension of the tragedy, like the fool scenes in Shakespeare?

His somewhat paradoxical and war-bred views on art and other things softened with the years and renewed vigour, and I came to marvel at his insight. In his book he says that he always had a desire for self-expression in some imaginative form, but was too diffuse to acquire a technique. If he could have concentrated on some form of artistic or scientific creation, he would have been a master.

It is not for me to speak of his self-denying life and humble work in the Air Force; his refusal to profit in any way from the War or the history of his achievements in it; his desire to share the life of the men, and to understand them, as he understood the Arabs with whom he fought; and his wisdom in seeking a health-cure in simple service and living. But when he last stayed with me about a month ago, he pleased us by eating two human meals a day, and by expressing an ardour to do some big national work. These I had not known him do before, and I rejoiced at these signs of renewed health of mind and body. If now love of an ideal controlled his overpowerful reason, such as sustained him through the long drama of the Arabian war, what might he not yet have achieved!

The Cinema

Hollywood Virus

By ALISTAIR COOKE

NO man has yet, I believe, made a film about blue devils and white elephants. But when the time comes, Mr. von Sternberg will be, I feel, that man. What makes a good man go wrong is often a much better inquiry than the more puzzling one—what makes a good man go right.

I once said that an odd moment of a Sternberg film is worth more than ninety minutes of the usual Hollywood hits and misses. Well, there are no odd moments in 'The Devil is a Woman'. Or rather, there are nothing else but grotesquely odd moments. For those of you who are itching to register a tick or a cross in your diaries before scuttling off to bed, let me say that Mr. Sternberg has made a bad, a very bad, film. But however bad Mr. Sternberg's film is, it is not an empty film: It is full of diseased fancies, packed with ineffectiveness. It rattles with tricks that were spontaneous details in 'Morocco'. It contains every quality that made 'The Blue Angel'. That contradiction brings us to a question which every film critic sooner or later has to answer.

How does it come about that a man damns himself with the weapons that made him? The answer to this is no less than an essay on decadence in art. I don't propose to write that essay, because, however tricky a process this is in other arts, it is not much of a secret in the cinema. But it will bear a few minutes' discussion.

A man has a leaning towards a certain type of story. He has a view of people which is strong and personal. He needs very little technical knowledge of the films to make a good film. It is enough the first time in the theatre or the

cinema that a man should feel the plight of his characters freshly and strongly enough. Anger or sincerity will perform miracles the first time. They are not enough the second time, because it is unlikely that anyone (unless it were Mr. Bernard Shaw) who had a sincere grudge about, say, a farmer in Sussex would have an equally amusing or original grudge about a steamship office in Trafalgar Square. The first time, if it is a good play, we notice the farm and the people on it. The second time we are more apt to notice, not the steamship office, but the grudge. It is a process which we maliciously like to watch the best as well as the worst artists falling into. Mr. Bernard Shaw forty years ago was saying things which were outrageously angry and original. Yesterday or today they became ordinary intelligent opinion. Twenty years ago his stage dialogue was original and witty. All that we notice now is not the dialogue but the way of writing it. Twenty years ago the jokes were so good, were so apt to the time, that there seemed to be no method of producing them apart from mother wit. Now we, who cannot recall the aptness of the occasion, hear only the clickings of a joke-machine, we hear the first line and know very much how the second line is going to go. This is the most celebrated example of the fate which has—not in forty years but in four years—overwhelmed Mr. von Sternberg. When we have to sit through Mr. Shaw's newest play we should not forget that he wrote 'Man and Superman' and 'Heartbreak House'. When you see 'The Devil is a Woman' you might not forget that Sternberg made 'The Blue Angel'. This kindly

(Continued on page 892)

Custom and Conduct

The Power of Institutions

By HENRY A. MESS

IT is well to define terms. Institution is a word with several meanings. Sometimes it is used of buildings; a college or orphanage. What used to be called the workhouse is often called nowadays 'the institution'. But when social scientists talk about institutions they don't mean bricks and mortar: when they talk about a college being an

Yes, if you like, you can call it customary: but that is inadequate. Marriage is a form of human association which has been reflected upon by mankind and accepted as a normal and desirable form of conduct; and it is supported by the force of public opinion, of religion, and of law. There is associated with it an etiquette and a rite; it is *not* regarded as a private matter between the two persons, it is entered upon publicly and solemnly and in set form. There are a number of assumptions as to conduct, many of them tacit but none the less binding. Let me make clear what I mean by tacit assumptions. Jack says to Jill: 'Will you marry me?' and the words have an enormous unexpressed but understood content. In England, between middle-class persons, at the present time, they mean something like this: 'Jill, will you on a given day within the next year or two leave your parents' home and meet me at either church or registry office, so that there before properly appointed officials and in set form we may publicly declare our intention to spend the rest of our lives together? Will you, after a short holiday with



Institutions that have practically disappeared—slavery
Walter T. Spencer

institution they don't think of the building, important though that is, but of the group of persons using it and of their relationships. Perhaps I had better give you the definition of one social scientist. 'Institutions', says Professor Ellwood, 'are groupings or relations of individuals which have been reflected upon, sanctioned by their groups, and established by authority'. Or here is another definition, short and neat: 'Institutions are a set pattern of social behaviour with regard to some function or functions'.

Let us illustrate this. We will begin with marriage. What is marriage? Is it instinctive behaviour? Of course, it is based upon a great instinct; but it is much more than instinctive behaviour. Is it custom?



—and duelling

Walter T. Spencer



An institution that has undergone some change—Sunday observance

Walter T. Spencer

me, come to a house where you and I can live together? Will you be mate to me and to no other man, and I will be mate to you and to no other woman? Will you agree that I shall work to earn the income necessary to maintain us, and the children who may be born to us, at the standard of living customary in our class, whilst you undertake responsibility for the cooking and cleaning and other domestic arrangements? Will you darn my socks, or at least see that they do get darned. . . . ?

And so on. It is a great deal to be compressed into four words. Yet when Jack says to Jill: 'Will you marry me?' all that is implied, and a great deal more. And Jill understands it. It is understood because marriage is one of our great human institutions. It is 'a grouping of human beings which has been reflected upon'; it is 'a set pattern of social behaviour' with regard to the function of reproduction and the rearing of a family.

War is another example of a widespread and ancient institution. It is based upon a number of human instincts of which pugnacity, fear, acquisitiveness, self-assertiveness, and gregariousness are the chief. But war is much more than conduct which arises spontaneously from the instincts and the sentiments founded upon them. It is a recognised mode of human behaviour, with recognised customs and recognised procedure. Public opinion allows it; and it is accepted in international law. Two nations do not just quarrel and fight; they fight according to rule; or at least they profess to do so, and they complain loudly and bitterly when their opponents break the rules of war. There are, for instance, recognised rules for the treatment of neutrals, of non-combatants, of prisoners, of spies. Certain weapons are forbidden: even in war there are taboos. All of these things amount to much more than custom; they have been thought about, accepted, codified. Moreover, war is an occurrence which is anticipated and for which elaborate preparations are made in time of peace. There are armies and navies and air fleets; there is a profession of arms with its traditions and hierarchy; there are naval and military colleges; and there is an armament industry. We have here a highly elaborate human institution.

A particular form of institution is the special observance of certain days or periods of time, such as New Year's Day or Lent. New Year's Day and Midsummer Day are seasonal festivals, and their institution goes far back into the dimness of past time. Many festivals are religious; as, for instance, Whitsuntide. There are national festivals such as St. George's Day in England and St. David's Day in Wales. And there are political festivals such as Primrose Day and May Day. Sunday is an institution peculiar to the Christian tradition. Some towns have their special festivals: Newcastle, for example, commemorates Admiral Lord Collingwood, one of her sons, on Trafalgar Day. Most towns in Lancashire have their Wakes. And coming down to smaller units of association, every family has its own festivals and solemn days, meaning much to it but to no one else—birthdays, anniversaries of wedding days, sometimes anniversaries of deaths. All these are, on the small scale and in their fleeting manner, human institutions.

System is a word which we use very freely, but which is seldom defined; we speak of the feudal system, the capitalist system, the party system, and so on. A system, when the word is used of human relationships, is a species of institution; it is a recognised distribution of functions and roles for purposes wholly or partly held in common. Thus, under the feudal system, which was partly a political institution and partly an economic institution, each grade in society had its established rights and duties; the common purpose being the maintenance of order and the supplying of needs. Under capitalism there is another and different allocation of roles, the common purpose being to get the work of the world done and the product divided. The party system secures concerted action on the part of those who think alike and establishes conventions of conduct between opposed groups; it provides a division of function

between one group which legislates and administers and another group which checks and modifies their action by criticism. And it provides for a periodic exchange of functions between the two groups. The common purpose is the carrying on of government with some decision by allowing the majority to rule, and at the same time securing a form of government more or less responsive to the different elements in public opinion and the changes in it.

Institutions, when once they are well established, obtain a kind of momentum which can keep them in existence without any further decided initiative on the part of anyone. We do not have a meeting every autumn to discuss whether Christmas shall be observed this year; Christmas comes along and seems to impose itself upon us. We do not think out for ourselves the organisation needed to give advanced education to young adults; we assume that a big city ought to have a university, and that the university will have a Chancellor and a Vice-Chancellor, a Senate, a number of professorships with subordinate lectureships, students' unions, and a great deal more.

And as to the tenacity of institutions—have you ever had the experience of attending the annual meeting of some hoary old society which has been useful in its day and has long outlived its usefulness? No one believes in it very much, but it is no one's business to give it the *coup de grâce*, and so on it goes by its own momentum: president is re-elected, officers are re-elected, committee is re-elected, and provision is made for another year's continuance. An ancient institution takes a good deal of killing.

But most institutions, while they may last a very long time, do have their term; and there are institutions in the world today which are dying, or for all practical purposes dead. Slavery, for instance, is a human institution: slavery has been, in Professor Ellwood's phrase, a relation of individuals, reflected upon, sanctioned by the groups in which it flourished, and established by authority. Today, slavery is a dying institution in the world, though it does not die quite as quickly as we could wish. In this country it has long been dead. It is an interesting example, because Aristotle, one of the wisest men of antiquity, was so impressed by it that he mistook a human institution for an unchangeable necessity of human nature. He said that some men were slaves by nature, and he deemed it impossible to have human life without slavery. Duelling is another example of an institution dead in this country and dying elsewhere; it is interesting to remember how coercive duelling was in its day; in circumstances which might easily arise without your will, you either had to fight a duel or to suffer social ostracism as a coward.

The history of slavery and of duelling gives us reason to hope that the institution of war may also have its ending, as it had its beginning. War *had* a beginning; it is important to know that; war is an ancient human institution and a widespread institution, but it is not universal to the human race, nor does it go back to the very dawn of the human race. A number of human groups have never had the institution of war. The Eskimos, for instance, are one such group. Eskimos quarrel sometimes; fights occur and occasionally murders; there are squabbles between neighbouring villages; but there is no such thing as organised warfare, deliberately foreseen and carried on according to rule. There are other primitive groups in different parts of the world which are unacquainted with war; as an institution it emerged, apparently, when men settled down to cultivate the soil. War as an institution is probably less than ten thousand years old, and ten thousand years is only a small fraction of the period of human existence on this planet.

A widespread and long lasting institution will differ a good deal in form and detail from time to time and from place to place. Marriage, for instance, means one thing in Europe and something very different in those Eastern countries where polygamy is practised. It is different in a country of free choice, such as England, and in a country where marriages are

Rise and fall of a national festival—Guy Fawkes Day



Walter T. Spencer

1605, the arrest of Guy Fawkes while preparing to blow up the Houses of Parliament

The Solemn Mock Procession of the POPE Cardinalls Jesuits



Rischgitz

November 5 celebrated with Pope-burning processions in Charles II's reign



Walter T. Spencer

An eighteenth-century Guy

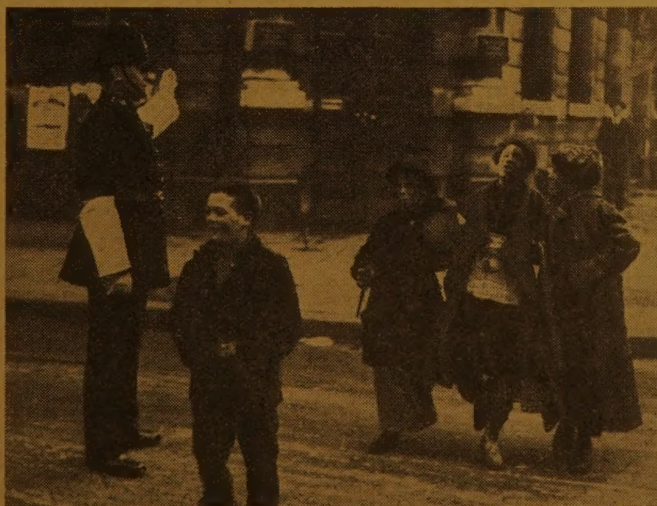


Reeves

Lewes celebrates the tercentenary of Guy Fawkes in 1905—the last occasion on which bonfires were lit in the streets of Lewes

arranged by parents; and it is different again in a country with easy divorce, such as some of the United States of America. Or take the case of Sunday; it is an institution peculiar to the Christian countries, and within them it varies very much in the details of its observance; the Puritan Sunday was very different from that of mediæval times, and even the Puritan Sunday has been of differing rigour in England and in Scotland.

Sometimes an institution is transformed in process of time from its original purpose to something quite different: a new idea takes possession of



Degenerate remnant of Guy Fawkes celebrations today

the old forms, and thus gets the advantages of antiquity, of custom, of sentiment, of a ready-made machinery. Several of the Christian festivals replaced heathen festivals, Christmas

and Easter being outstanding examples. In our own time the Christmas festival has changed in nature; and to large numbers of persons with whom the Christian religion has little force, Christmas has become a festival of friendship and especially of family reunion. Easter, similarly, is to many the festival which celebrates the coming of spring and the first escape of the town dweller into the country. May Day, one of the great seasonal festivals, has been chosen by the Labour Movements all over the world as the day on which to demonstrate their aspirations. Guy Fawkes Day, an English Protestant festival and commemoration of deliverance, dating back to 1605, has degenerated into an excuse for larking and for giving pleasure to children.

From time to time, however, when public feeling is running high on any subject, Guy Fawkes Day is accommodated to the passion of the moment. During the Boer War the traditional expression of hatred of the Papist plotter was diverted against Paul Kruger, the Boer President, whose effigy was burnt with every expression of hatred and satisfaction in countless English bonfires. Fifteen years later it was the Kaiser who was adopted as Guy Fawkes. Sometimes it is an unpopular politician who suffers vicarious destruction. Sometimes the stuffed figure is used to represent an idea: an international club a year or two ago solemnly burnt a Guy Fawkes which was labelled 'Race Hatred'. I have before me a photograph of a number of ex-servicemen burning a figure which is labelled 'War'. It is an interesting illustration of the way in which an old and decaying institution can be diverted to the service of the new idea; it is also an interesting example of the way in which an instinct can be turned against one of its own expressions. It is pugnacity towards pugnacity; War against War.

Institutions grow old and die; and also from time to time new institutions arise: Empire Day and Armistice Day are both of them of recent establishment. The League of Nations is a great new institution in the world. A new institution has its infancy, when its life as a rule is delicate and needs careful tending; it is regarded with suspicion, or at least coolly, until there has grown round it a strength of sentiment and a network of customs. It may have to wait long before it gains official recognition from those who embody social or political prestige. The strength of an institution is very much greater when it has survived into a second generation of men, and there is no one alive who can remember his world without it. A new dynasty, or a new regime of any sort, is much stronger when all are dead who remember the time before it came into power. If the League of Nations can hold together another two or three decades its likelihood of permanence will be immensely increased.

The assumptions underlying institutions and systems are often unperceived, or very dimly perceived, by those who live conformably to them. It is the role of the social philosopher, or of the social reformer and of his opponent, the defender of things as they are, to make explicit what is implicit. Usually an institution or a system has become well established before the work of analysis is attempted. Capitalism had gone a long way before Karl Marx pointed out what he thought is the essence of it, a particular relationship between men and men based on ownership or non-ownership of the mechanised means of large-scale production. The nature and results of the system of casual labour at the docks and elsewhere were not clearly perceived and stated until the beginning of this century, when Sir William Beveridge expounded them very lucidly; yet this method of engagement had been in operation on a large scale for several generations.

Institutions are coercive; they cannot easily be disregarded by any who live within their range of operation: often there is the direct coercion of law; the law, for instance, recognises and enforces certain duties as implicit on the status of marriage; the law has enforced in the past, and still protects in some slight degree, the observance of Sunday; in many countries the law insists on training for military service. Religion and public opinion often exert pressure to support and even to go beyond the law; thus, the law does not prohibit persons from co-habiting and producing children without marriage, but the churches and public opinion do condemn such a course and they make it very disadvantageous to pursue it. But beyond all this, institutions are coercive because they have normally all the strength of custom; moreover, merely because they hold the field as the accepted way of doing things, they render difficult, and often impossible, alternative ways of doing things. You can't do business in a Lancashire town during its Wake; the institution coerces you. You don't stand much chance of a political career in this country unless you accept the conditions

of the party system and become a good party man; the system coerces you. You can't avoid competing if you live in a competitive society. There is a charming American novel, *The Children of Light*, which describes a little girl who has been brought up in a queer little Utopian colony. The day comes when a millionaire grandfather dies, leaving her a fortune, and she is taken away by her trustees. She is removed much against her will, declaring loudly 'I will *not* compete; I will co-operate by myself for ever and ever'. But she soon finds how heavily the institutions of society press upon every one of us.

It is clear, therefore, that institutions are a great shaping power in our lives. Much of the difference between persons of different nationality arises from the differences between the institutions of their countries. Consider, for instance, the marked difference in outlook between the countries which have conscription and those which do not have it; between the countries with the Puritan Sunday and those which do not have it; between the countries with universal elementary education and those which do not have it. Between countries like our own, where feudalism has been strong and still lingers, and countries where it has been swept away *entirely*, or where, as in the case of America, it has never existed. Consider what the church, the universities, and representative government mean in the life of this country. Think of that remarkable institution, the Speakership of the House of Commons, by which from time to time we take an ordinary party politician and ask him to drop his partisanship and to become the impartial president and arbiter of a great assembly.

It is one of the necessary tasks of any society to revise its institutions from time to time. Some of them have outworn their usefulness and ought to be discarded; it is quite clear, for instance, that if war ever had any value it has none today, and it is imperative in the interests of civilisation to find the means of discarding it. Sometimes an institution can be transformed and adapted to new uses. And sometimes we have to invent new institutions. The League of Nations was invented none too soon, and it is still a very weak and very imperfect institution. One recent example of a successful institution has been the B.B.C. Mr. J. L. Hammond said some time ago, and he said quite rightly, that the invention of the British Broadcasting Corporation was quite as important as the invention of broadcasting.

The wise attitude to adopt towards institutions is the same as that which ought to be adopted towards customs. They are to be accepted provisionally, and their mere survival should be held to offer a slight presumption in their favour. But they may be outworn or mischievous in the circumstances of today, in which case they need to be discarded or transformed. And new circumstances demand new institutions. There is no more pressing need today than the invention of new institutions suited to the new world which physical science has given us.

The employment of qualified architects in the design and supervision of public building schemes is advocated by the Royal Institute of British Architects in a memorandum which it has sent to every local authority in the country. The memorandum, which is signed by the President, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, on behalf of the Council, observes that in many cases the organisation of local authorities' building works falls far short of the requisite standard of efficiency, and that the works themselves are often seriously deficient in convenience of planning, economy of construction and beauty of appearance. It therefore suggests that, in the case of all buildings of major civic importance, the services of a qualified architect in private practice, possibly in collaboration with the official architect where such is employed, will give the most satisfactory results. Similarly, in cases in which the volume of architectural work carried out by a local authority does not justify the employment of a full-time official architect, it is urged that the community is best served by utilising the services of architects in private practice instead of employing unqualified men.

*Current Imperial Affairs**Imperial Co-operation in Foreign Policy*

By H. V. HODSON

Broadcast on May 14

UNITED by a common allegiance to the Crown—these memorable words were used of the member-nations of the British Commonwealth by the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the 1926 Imperial Conference, usually known as the Balfour Committee.

Many of us must have had them recalled to our minds by recent events—by the presence of five Dominion Prime Ministers in the Royal Procession on Jubilee Day, and by His Majesty's own frequent and happy allusions to his Overseas Dominions. The link that holds the self-governing members of the British Commonwealth together, though it is light and almost invisible, is stronger than any paper Constitutions or written alliances, for, like the Monarchy itself, it draws its strength from the hearts of men.

Yet when we have said this we must not blind ourselves to the difficulties of so tenuous and unformulated a connection. We had an example of such difficulties last week. On Tuesday there was an important meeting between representatives of the Dominions and the United Kingdom. In their accounts of it on Wednesday morning, some of the London papers reported that the Dominions had been approached by this country with a view to their undertaking, for the sake of world peace, more definite commitments in foreign affairs; further, that they had refused to accept such obligations. The following day, in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister declared indignantly: 'There is no truth whatever in the statements that any change in the existing position as regards Dominion responsibility and obligation for foreign policy has been discussed or is contemplated. The subject has not been mentioned at any of our meetings'.

Some people may have felt less surprised at the inaccuracy of Press reports than at the direction of the Prime Minister's indignation. Why should it be thought 'mischievous' to contemplate a change in the position as regards Dominion responsibility and obligation for foreign policy? Why should it be a matter for satisfaction that the subject had not even been mentioned at these momentous Imperial meetings? Setting aside the special sensitiveness of peoples like the Afrikaan-speaking South Africans (who are politically, but not racially or historically, British), we must acknowledge that Dominion opinion is highly suspicious of being tied—not to Great Britain's wider destiny, for that is inevitable—but to her particular policies and to their consequences in the matter of peace and war.

At the same time, the Dominions all believe in the principle of collective security, and in the League of Nations, under whose Covenant we and they are equally committed. Surely, then, it would be proper for us to say to them: 'The value of our national guarantee as a deterrent against war would be greatly increased if foreign countries knew that the Empire was solidly behind it. We ask you for no explicit military commitments, only for an open recognition that your interest in world peace, and your undertakings in the Covenant of the League, oblige you to consider the possibility of having to use force to put down force. Since in this we are all agreed, for purposes of world collective security can we not think of the British Commonwealth as a unity, not as a group of independent countries who could be played off against each other by any foreign Power that wanted a free hand to use aggression or to force its policies upon its neighbours? In brief, in the troublous world where we find ourselves—very different even from the world of 1930 when these matters were discussed at the Imperial Conference—ought we not to revise the principles of Imperial co-operation in matters of foreign policy, so as to safeguard more firmly our own security and to make the hand of the Commonwealth more powerful in steering the world to a system of order and peace?'

We ought, I believe, seriously to consider whether the time has not come when the Dominions and the United Kingdom should be talking on these lines. The old arguments about constitutional rights of neutrality and so on have become unreal in the world of today. There is no need to abrogate the principles laid down in 1930, only to expand them. They were, put very briefly: that the Governments of the Commonwealth should always exchange views and information on matters of common interest, especially when negotiating with foreign Powers; and that none of them should take any steps which might involve the others in any active obligation without their definite assent.

If we did decide that closer connection in foreign policy were desirable among the nations of the British Commonwealth, then other developments in the field of Imperial relations would follow of themselves. Purposes, once agreed upon, evolve their own machinery, whereas it would be useless to elaborate machinery of co-operation if the unity of purpose did not exist or had not been accepted. The important thing is that stress should be laid more on the unity of our ultimate ideals of the British Commonwealth than on the diversity of our immediate ambitions.

There has just been revived in the Press an old proposal that the Dominions and Colonies should be represented in Parliament at Westminster—an idea that goes back to the days before the American Revolution. The advantages of such a plan are obvious, but equally plain are the objections to it in a community of fully self-governing nations, in which the United Kingdom ranks constitutionally no higher than the rest. The Dominions do not want to do anything that suggests belief in the authority of the British Parliament to control their affairs. It is sometimes felt, even in England, that Members of Parliament who have to spend most of their time in London are often out of touch with their constituencies: what, then, would be thought of a Member whose constituency was at the other side of the globe? We really do not need any such new or complicated political machinery at present. What is first required is more frequent and more intimate consultations between the heads of His Majesty's different Governments, on the lines of those that are now taking place. It is satisfactory to note that there is talk of another Imperial Conference in 1936 or 1937; but the last Imperial Conference, apart from the purely economic meeting at Ottawa, was held as far back as 1930, and surely six or seven years is far too long an interval between such gatherings. In these days of air communications, an annual Imperial Conference is not too much to hope for—an annual Imperial Conference, at least, of an informal kind.

The problem of the British Commonwealth has been described as the problem of the Many and the One—the many independent Governments, the one community of peoples; the many short-term interests, the one long-term ideal. Of this contrast, and of the way in which it is resolved, there is no better symbol than the Crown itself—one King ruling over many independent countries: one in the sole dignity of the Monarchy, many in the qualities of common humanity that he shares with us all.

An account of *The War Office*, written by Hampden Gordon (Putnam, 7s. 6d.) is the latest addition to the Whitehall series, a library which deals in turn with each of the great Departments of State by authors who are functionaries of one sort or another and therefore equipped with an extensive and an inside knowledge. 'Let us take a walk down Whitehall' is the suggestion of the publishers, hoping that a reading public burns with zeal to explore that mysterious thoroughfare. As might be expected, the whole series is informed with a purpose of partisan loyalty and this, the latest of the list, is no exception. Indeed, that part of it dealing with the War Office in our time, with express mention of the part it took in the Great War and after, reads like the 'writing-up' of a large commercial house by the propagandist staff. Apart, however, from such absolutely unavoidable tendencies it is good text-book material throughout and very interesting history too. Those who do not feel their pulses stirred by the statement that two thousand miles of ribbon went towards the Stars and Medals issued in the Great War will doubtless be interested in the slow and painful struggle whereby the present Department evolved from the fifteenth century appointment of a single 'clerk to the ordnance'. The history of the famous Cardwell, Esher, and Haldane reforms also makes good reading. The book, in fact, after making a due allowance for a natural restriction of outlook, a certain dryness of subject matter, and somewhat of a fact-cramming method of presentment, is well deserving of recommendation to the general reader. To the student whose path of knowledge lies Whitehall-wards, be he self-teaching, or be he under compulsory tuition, it may be acclaimed as a standard work.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

Tips, Bribes and Perquisites

ROTARIANS assembled in International Conference at Margate have been discussing, among other matters, the place, if any, of tips and presents in business life. It was disclosed that the special group which had studied this matter had come to uncompromising conclusions, which had had to be modified if many resignations were to be avoided. Now, the line is not easy to draw between practices which serve to humanise business relationships, like presents at Christmas time, and practices, which are, in effect, valuable inducements made to individuals with whom the choice rests in the placing of orders, so that they shall place those orders in a certain way. There is a delicacy about giving things, which is lacking when money is directly transferred from one pocket to another; but the essence of the transaction is the same, and it is quite understood, in the public service, for example, that officials must not take presents from people with whom they have officially to do business. Tipping is generally thought of in connection with hotels and restaurants as the rounding off of an ephemeral relationship with somebody who has rendered momentarily important services. In that field, tips are so much a part of the accepted economy that large sums are often paid for the right to render the services which will instigate the gift. Attempts which have been made on the Continent, to abolish individual tips by adding 10 per cent. to the bill, have not completely achieved their object, because tipping is not only an expression of more or less compulsory gratitude; it is also a bid for preferential treatment. Many seasoned travellers make a habit of tipping on arrival in order to suggest that they are fountains of largesse, so that whoever else has to suffer or go short, it may not be they. It has often been made clear that these practices do not arouse gratitude or respect. Few people relish being treated on the basis that no

motive will move them, except the sight of a coin, and that the barest civility and the performance of prescribed duties need this constant stimulation. But it must be admitted that the present reaction against the practice of additional and special rewards for services rendered, not only in the region of entertainment, but throughout business life, is a reaction mainly inspired by the threat to business itself. These practices have no limit, and their motive is competitive. Business firms easily find that, when they are struggling for an order against a keen competitor, the small margin of profit is swallowed up in secret commissions and other ways of smoothing the road for the order. The Commission, when beginning as a Parliamentary Commission, ended in full panoply as a Royal Commission, on various business practices in Canada, has just reported in favour of creating a new federal body, specifically charged with supervising and enforcing a new ethical code. It is doubtful whether this body will in fact be set up, whether it is constitutional and feasible, but the report which concludes by recommending it is a document which is likely to be a landmark, and the enquiry has called public attention very forcibly to the growth of a whole range of evils in business practice.

Business today is carried on, not in a jungle of free competition, but is partly free, partly restricted; and there is more and more a tendency, which Mr. Douglas Jerrold brings out in his recent invigorating study of modern trends, *England*, for whole blocks of industry to contract out of the market and, with more or less of a monopoly, to prescribe for themselves the conditions on which they will supply the public. With the coming of the public utility group, the old pretence that 'business is business', meaning that only economic considerations have deserved to have weight attached to them, has grown very thin. Readers of books like *The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son* know how definitely, in the course of the last century, the purely economic approach to life was worked out. What a man might choose to do with his profits when he had made them was another matter. Business life consisted in the struggle to bring the profits into existence within the law. The practice of traders throughout history has not perhaps altered very greatly, but there was something at once novel and ephemeral about the attempt to justify the setting apart of business activities as exempt from the moral considerations governing the rest of life. But great ills result from that false philosophy. The evils of the servant when he ruleth are proverbial, and have seldom been more powerfully illustrated than in the history of the attempt to make of men's economic activities an independent system. The Canadian report, the constant preoccupation of powerful organisations like Rotary with the ethics of business, alike illustrate the growing recognition that a man merely by engaging in business does not cease to carry the moral obligations that go with his human nature.

Week by Week

IT is an anomalous state of affairs that in the Jubilee year of King George V the great memorial of the first Jubilee of 1887 should be facing a dark and uncertain future. The Imperial Institute was founded, largely through the personal exertions of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, to be a lasting memorial to his mother's reign. Funds to put up a worthy building were subscribed, and the Institute, whose tower has been a landmark in West London for forty years, was appropriately built among the new scientific buildings in a place full of the tangible proofs of the Prince Consort's great public spirit and practical gifts. The large profits of the Great Exhibition had been prudently laid out in buying thirty acres of land in that rapidly appreciating part of London. But once built the Imperial Institute began an unhappy and chequered history, living on an income contributed in part by the Dominions, in part by the Imperial Government, in part by

private benefactors. It exists today under the not very appropriate ægis of the Department of Overseas Trade, having been passed from one Government department to another. Yet the long galleries of panoramas and working models are greatly appreciated—there were over three-quarters of a million visitors last year, and 2,500 parties of schoolchildren—the Institute is the only place where young people can get a clear picture of the range and variety of the Empire. The Annual Report which has just been issued (price 2s.) deals mainly with the scientific side of the Institute, which acts as a scientific court of first instance. At the Institute raw materials from all over the Empire, particularly minerals and timbers, are tested and experimented with, to see if commercial tests for new uses are likely to be worth while. It is work which involves commanding the services and advice of a large number of specialists, and is consequently most easily done at an established centre in the capital of the Empire. The Dominions now have their own centres of display in London and intimated a year or two ago that their contributions to the Institute would be terminated. But the Empire is not limited to the Dominions, and the Colonies have the greatest need both of a common centre for diffusing knowledge about them and of a clearing house for scientific information.

Hardly a week now passes without our interest and imagination being stirred by news of the means which the various countries of Europe are adopting to train the civilian population of their large towns for protection against air attacks. The building of underground shelters, practice in the use of gas masks, the organisation of fire drill and first-aid for gas casualties, are proceeding apace in Paris, Berlin and elsewhere. The sense of insecurity has now crossed the Channel, and we have before us the prospect of taking similar, though probably less spectacular precautions to train our great urban populations in the necessary protective devices and measures. It has sometimes been suggested that we have been rather slow to organise civilian anti-air attack defence, but it is no doubt right for our authorities to avoid on the one hand anything which might savour of panic and on the other hand not to leave people in total ignorance of what they would have to do if an emergency, which we all abhor, were to arise. So far voluntary rather than compulsory measures seem to be contemplated. It can hardly be desirable suddenly to alarm large sections of the population, or even to familiarise them with the idea that air attack is inevitable and that this is the only method of defence. The Chemical Defence Committee is known to be studying the possibilities of defence in the air itself, and there are experts who believe that, given a few more years of experiment, it will be possible to devise some form of air-mine—chains of tiny explosive bombs which can be suspended in the air and screen whole areas from aerial attack. It will be a violation of all that history tells us of the evolution of military technology if science does not shortly bring about a balance between methods of defence and methods of attack in this as in other warlike spheres. The moral is that no one means of meeting the aerial peril should be cultivated to the exclusion of others. We must keep our faith in the capacity of science to devise checks to its own abuses.

The story of an Egyptian pasha, who, when asked why he was sending his son to Eton, replied 'I want him to learn to tell the truth and be a gentleman', has recently been told by Mr. A. A. Somerville, M.P. In its way, no doubt, this is quite a praiseworthy wish, but those who are less fortunately situated than the sons of Egyptian pashas may find that the qualities of veracity and gentlemanliness are insufficient equipment for the competition of modern life. Something more is wanted. The inculcation of the major virtues is not the only aim of education; the development of special aptitudes is also an important part of its work. For this reason the proposal of the London County Council Education Committee to review the work and character of all students in secondary, central and senior schools at the age of twelve, in order to discover which of them should be advised to transfer to junior technical schools, is a welcome move, which should increase the usefulness of London's educational system. Junior technical schools have already done excellent work in placing pupils in appropriate trades, but the flow of pupils has not been entirely satis-

factory. The brightest elementary schoolchildren, by winning junior county scholarships at an age when they were too young to enter a technical school, have then proceeded to a central or secondary school and have virtually cut themselves off from the possibility of technical education; and at one stroke industry has lost a number of promising recruits and the children themselves have quite possibly missed the career for which they were really suited. The L.C.C. proposals should do away with these drawbacks, for in addition to undertaking the review of every child's capabilities the Committee proposes to make junior county scholarships exchangeable for junior technical scholarships, so that a bright child will be able to turn from general to technical education without financial loss. In recent years the post of 'careers master' has become an important feature of many of the larger public schools; it is good to find the L.C.C. Education Committee becoming its own 'careers master' for its many children. Both industry and the children themselves should benefit.

Today they go after whales in fleets of half a dozen vessels together, operating from a factory ship. They shoot them with harpoon guns, and the shells when they strike explode at the tip, spreading the barbs securely in the flesh. When the chase is over they blow them up with compressed air, flag them, and leave them floating in the sea, to be collected later. The factory ships boil the blubber down for oil, which makes lamp-oil and soap, lubricants and candles and margarine. They can can the flesh, cut up the bone, and convert the offal into cattle-food and manure. The result of all this mechanisation and efficiency (called learnedly the 'pelagic system') is that whales can now be killed off at a rate of over 40,000 a year. They have become rare in north Atlantic and Arctic waters. Within ten years they may disappear also from the south. At the moment the representatives of the Norwegian Whaling Council are in London consulting with the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries as to what may be done. The problem is not quite so easy as it sounds. Most whaling companies are at present either Norwegian, British, or Argentine. But if these countries pass severe restricting laws, the companies can quite easily transfer to another flag. This season the first Japanese ship appeared on the scene. Restriction by legislation can work only if the legislation is international. As for voluntary agreement, it has hitherto been held up through the refusal of two of the British companies to bind themselves. There is hope, however, that the present discussions may lead now to some satisfactory arrangement. It is so patently in the interests of the industry itself to find a solution before it is too late.

In this country chain-letters crop up sporadically as a vehicle for good work and pious exhortations. The astute Americans have adapted the system to the service of Mammon. Their letters enclose a list of names, and the recipient is supposed to send a dime to the first person on the list, cross off that name, and add his own at the bottom. He then sends the letter with the new list to five of his own acquaintances. Note that the letters are not sent to the people on the list—only dimes. The letters are in each case sent to five new prospects. The insidiousness of this scheme becomes clear when you realise that by the time any participant's name rises to the head of a list of ten he is due (theoretically) to receive exactly half-a-million dimes or something like £10,000, and that (also theoretically) every participant will in turn receive this sum. The obvious difficulty is that there are not enough people in the world to carry on. In practice the chain is frequently broken, and unfortunate aspirants have been known to receive as little as £2 to £20 in the first round. But even so the sudden spate of letters seems to have quite clogged the mails, holding up legitimate business and defeating every effort yet made to check them. For some obscure reason it takes people a long time to realise that any one entrant's receipts are in no way prejudiced if he writes his five letters, adds his name, and omits the little ceremony of sending off his dime. By the time the public generally discovers this, no one will get anything out of it but the harassed Post Office, and the game presumably will die of inanition. Meanwhile the money is finding its way to the people who got in on the ground floor, and of course to the even more ingenious people who have invented subsidiary and parasitical rackets.

Art

The International Style

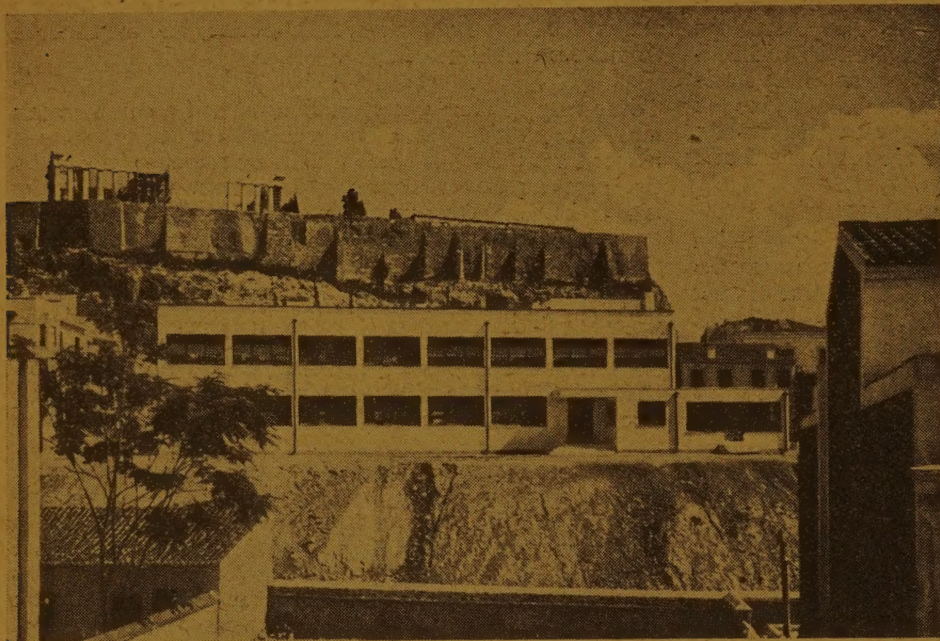
By HERBERT READ

WITHIN three years of its first publication Messrs. Hoepli, of Milan, have issued a new and completely revised edition of Alberto Sartoris' 'panoramic synthesis' of modern architecture*. It is an imposing and well-produced volume, containing no less than 687 reproductions drawn from thirty different countries. It leaves no doubt as to the world-wide vitality of

would go to war in defence of their country's claim to the discovery of the pointed arch.

The main characteristic of the modern international style is its rationalism; and what is rational is anti-romantic. But much confusion has been introduced into the discussion of modern architecture by the use of such words as 'rational' and 'functional', and the powerful opposition which the modern movement meets with, in so far as it is not based on the crude motives of vested interests, is due to a wrong interpretation of such terms. The architect himself, being generally a practical man and a realist, has a liking for such bleak and unemotional words. He wants at any cost to avoid false sentiment, and he therefore tends to use a scientific vocabulary. But architecture, to the interested public, is an art—the mistress art; and modern architecture will continue to meet with much unnecessary opposition unless we can make it clear that in spite of such words as 'rational' and 'functional', architecture in its most modern aspects is still an art, and still the mistress art.

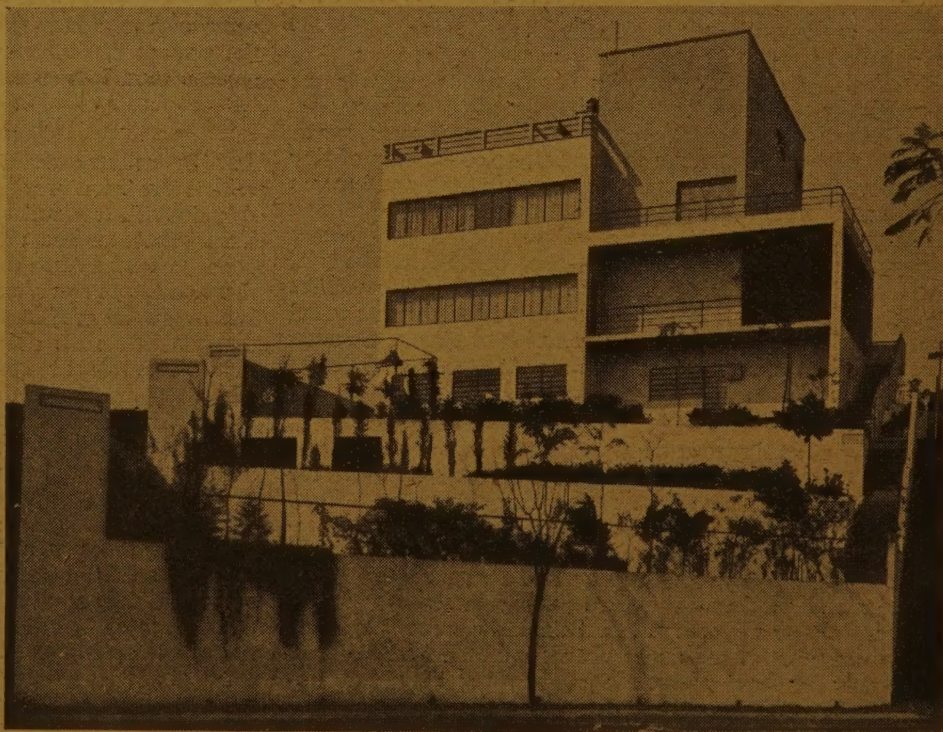
The problem is not peculiar to architecture; it is one of the major problems of our civilisation; and whether we are discussing religion or poetry, politics or philosophy, we come across this opposition between materialistic and spiritual



Can you place these buildings from their style?—A

the modern movement in architecture, whose general principles are clearly stated by Signor Sartoris in his introductory pages. It is a book of great interest, not only to architects, but to all who wish to form some idea of the forces which are remodelling the actual features of our social life. Those forces have had varied success in different parts of the world, but the first fact I should like to comment on, a fact of enormous significance from a more than architectural point of view, is the international character of this new style. Whether found in Uruguay or Greece, Bulgaria or Finland, Persia or Poland, modern functional architecture is recognisably the same. For illustration I have chosen examples from remote countries, so that the reader may see at once the obvious common character of the style.

International styles in architecture have been the rule in other ages; not only structural elements like the post and lintel of the classical style, but even more 'fanciful' elements like the Gothic longing for verticality, have spread from country to country until they have become common to a civilisation. It is only with the growth of romanticism that we have tended to seek and emphasise national differences, and even to quarrel about national rights. There are still archaeologists who



B

forces. It is perhaps the eternal opposition which Goethe represented in the figures of Faust and Helena; but just as Faust and Helena gave birth to Euphorion, who partakes of the perfection of both their natures, so a right conception of the opposing forces of the modern world sees them reconciled

* *Gli Elementi dell' Architettura Funzionale*. 200 lire



C



D



E

Are national styles of architecture disappearing? If you cannot identify the countries to which these buildings belong, turn to page 863

Illustrations from 'Gli Elementi dell' Architettura Funzionale'

in reason. Reason must be interpreted in this sense—as the perfect balance of fact and feeling. If we descend from these grandiose generalisations to the particular case of architecture, we must so interpret the claims of modern architecture that

the rationalistic terms which have become attached to them have this wider significance.

Whenever a modern architect—Van de Velde, Le Corbusier, Gropius, and now Sartoris—takes the trouble to define the

aims they pursue, that significance is always assumed, and even emphasised. In an important declaration published in the April issue of *The Architectural Review* one of the most brilliant of these architects, Marcel Breuer, roundly declares: 'Architecture seems worthy of notice to me, only in proportion as it produces an effect on our senses, and our senses are strangers to rationalising processes'. That there exist modern buildings which are constructed without any regard for aspect is true enough; but these are not the buildings illustrated in Signor Sartoris' survey, nor are they in any sense confined to modern times. A building must serve its purpose—that is the reason for its existence and there is no excuse for inefficiency; an unfunctional building is exactly parallel to an uncomfortable chair or a badly composed picture, and it is in that sense, and only in that sense, that we talk of functional architecture. But action can be sensitive as well as effective; and the whole distinction of modern architecture, in so far as it deserves to be called architecture, is that its action is sensitive. Its gestures are polite, its habits good, its air noble. But it achieves this distinction in a modern manner, using modern materials with the technical knowledge and the enlightened idealism without which progress of any kind is impossible.

If a man cannot see that it is possible to be sensitive in the proportions and harmonies of planes and surfaces—that there is art in areas and angles, in textures and weights, in light and shade—and that these things are a more than adequate substitute for acanthus mouldings and fluted columns, for porches and pediments, for the whole heavy hotch-potch of academic romanticism; if a man cannot see this simple truth, then he is simply blind to the very elements of beauty, and beyond the reach of any logic or eloquence.

I have said that the new architecture is international; but it has recently received two checks to its advance. One is in Germany, and probably of short duration; it is dictated by the most futile kind of romantic ideology; and is already being overcome by the economic realities of the situation (for the strongest forces on the side of modern architecture are precisely the economic forces). The other is in Russia, where one would least expect opposition. There are several explanations put forward. Modern functional architecture is objected to as the style of international capitalism; proletarian architecture must be different. Russia must evolve an architectural style of her own, and must begin with the most typically national of her historical styles—post-Napoleonic classicism. But the real reason is probably a more practical one. The modern style of architecture requires technicians skilled in the use of many new materials and processes. Russia, busy with more essential services, has postponed her architectural development, and meanwhile must rely on the only skilled architects she possesses—the academicians of the old regime. Dialectical materialism, ever resourceful, may have other explanations to offer; but a realisation of the structural, economic and æsthetic necessity of the international style can only mean its eventual extension to the only great country which at present rejects it.

The buildings illustrated on the previous two pages are to be found in: A—Elementary school below the Acropolis at Athens; B—Private house in San Paolo, Brazil; C—Sanatorium in Paimio, Finland; D—Private house in Budapest, Hungary; E—School of dentistry in Tokyo, Japan.

'At the Broadcast Play'

A weekly article on current broadcast drama by a critic who has had long experience of the provincial repertory theatre

HOW AM I TO criticise radio plays when I know little or nothing about broadcasting? I listen regularly, it is true, to the dramatic entertainments offered by the B.B.C. Sometimes I enjoy them immensely and sometimes I find them dull beyond endurance. And I do know something about plays. I have lived for the last six years in the little theatrical world of the best repertory theatre in England. I have been its play reader and have criticised so many manuscripts that I must have read more excruciatingly bad plays than anyone in England. I have watched month by month and week by week the whole machinery of rehearsal and production. And I have become familiar with that process of choosing plays which must take into account the taste of audiences, the cost of production, the available cast, the times of intervals and the hour when the bar closes. But can I apply this knowledge to broadcast drama? The conditions are totally different. I hardly know why the B.B.C. tries to broadcast plays at all, and I do not know what plays are considered suitable and why, or what sound effects are possible and how they can be used. How then can I criticise the results? Well, my first move was to meet the Productions Director of the B.B.C. There immediately arose a difference of opinion. For Mr. Gielgud advised me to keep well away from Broadcasting House. The important thing was the point of view of the ordinary listener, not that of the B.B.C. producer, who tends to get immensely interested in the technicalities of his job. Broadcast drama is new; it is full of possibilities. You experiment with this and that method and style, and you hope that they are effective. But *are* they? What does the listener think? If I were to visit Broadcasting House and meet the brilliant young men who, apparently, abound there I should be swept into their enthusiasms; I should lose the essential freshness of outlook. Now I cannot agree with all this. I cannot believe in criticism which is based on ignorance of the conditions of work. The physical limitations imposed upon any art by the material through which it works determine its form, and it is impossible to criticise without knowing what they are. I have made too many blunders in my early days in the theatre not to realise how badly one can go wrong by not knowing the simple things a call boy takes for granted. As for the temptations of Broadcasting House, I feel quite capable of resisting them.

Last week I listened to 'The Moon in the Yellow River'. Its author, Denis Johnston, is a young Irishman, and the play is

about Southern Ireland. It is one of the most brilliant plays of recent years. It has gunmen and guns; a powerhouse is blown up; a Nationalist leader is shot. But all this violence, dramatic though it is, is deliberately kept subordinate to the talk which flows on unceasingly; good talk, interesting talk, amusing talk, drunken talk, talk which is always dramatic because it represents the clash of points of view upon which action depends. One point of view, the touchstone of the rest, is that of Herr Tausch, a German engineer and a high-minded practical man of action. He finds himself in a world where the fundamental values of intelligent and cultivated men are totally different from his own; a world in which gunmen buy from you the petrol with which to set fire to your works and help you to telephone for the police afterwards; a world so finally disconcerting that the murder by shooting of a man you like and admire can be demonstrated to be the logical outcome of your opinions.

The play lost remarkably little over the microphone. An hour and a half is too long for most broadcast plays, but my attention did not wander until about half-way through the last act. The final scene between Dobelle and his daughter seemed drawn out on the stage; broadcast, it appeared interminable. I missed some of the humour; Agnes was less funny than on the stage, and such high lights as the agonisingly funny moment when Willie, the youthful gunman, totters under the weight of a huge shell, finally drops it, and it fails to explode did not come over. I missed, too, some of the peaks of excitement: the sudden appearance of the masked gunman in the first act; the sinister figure of Lanigan, the 'physical force man', dominating the stage towards the end of the second.

The play, then, lost some of its sparkle and some of its intensity. But the essentials were kept better than I should have thought possible; its quality; its remarkable blend of action and thought and humour, and the poetic flavour, rare in modern plays, which came from the rhythm of the Irish speech and the occasional music. Gerard Tyrell's wholly delightful Willie stood out from the rest of the cast over the microphone as he did on the stage. I enjoyed Norman Shelley's Herr Tausch and Miles Malleson's hoarse, Cockney sea captain. Esmé Percy seemed to overplay Dobelle from time to time. And was his Irish accent a good one? I thought Darrell Blake was played better than in the Haymarket production. But I should like to see the part tackled quite differently; more harshly and strongly.

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE

Round the Art Exhibitions

Some examples drawn from three important Exhibitions of French Art now being held in London



Portrait of a Sailor, by R. P. Bonnington, from the Lord Berners collection at the French Gallery



Le Table de Travail, by Pierre Bonnard, at the Lefèvre Gallery, where the first comprehensive collection of his paintings is being shown



Venise, le Grand Canal vu du Quai des Esclavons, by Corot, from the Lord Berners collection at the French Gallery



Portrait of Madame Caillebotte, by Renoir, and Indian Woman Smoking a Cigarette, by Manet, from the Jubilee Exhibition of Nineteenth Century Masterpieces at Wildenstein's. The Renoir portrait is priced at £25,000



Tournant du Loing, by Alfred Sisley, from the Lord Berners collection at the French Gallery

Danubian Clues to European Peace

Nature of Present Minority Problems

By C. A. MACARTNEY

Mr. Macartney has been connected with the Intelligence Department of the League of Nations Union since 1928, and is the author of a book on 'National States and National Minorities', and various works on the Danubian States

IN the first talk of this series Professor Toynbee described how the political structure of the Danube valley, which had consisted of two great Empires based on dynastic loyalties, was broken up by the force of the national idea. He made no attempt to define this force nationality and he was prudent, for no definition has ever been found to cover all cases. Clearly, if you use the word in a purely political sense, as we usually do in Western Europe, there could be an Austrian national sentiment, which might be felt equally by a German Austrian, a Czech or a Slovene, just as a Breton or a Basque may call and feel himself a Frenchman. But equally clearly there is another sense of the word in which a man's nationality may be Breton or French of France proper, Czech or German or Slovene. You cannot pick on any one factor as essential to this second, personal sense of nationality. It may be the language. In Central Europe this is what counts the most, and a man will usually count himself Czech or German according to which language he speaks. It may be religion, as it was in the old Ottoman Empire. When the Greek and Turkish populations were exchanged after the War, Greek-speaking Muhammadans emigrated to Turkey as Turks, and people speaking Russian, Serb and even Turkish and Arabic were sent away from Turkey and accepted by Greece as Greeks because they belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church. Or again, the common bond may be racial descent, real or (more probably) imagined; a little anthropological inaccuracy does not matter if the belief is there.

Now, the feeling of personal nationality, whatever its roots, need not be impossible to reconcile with the political loyalty which constitutes national feeling in the other sense of the word. For a Breton or a Welshman there is no conflict between the two feelings today. But the Habsburg Monarchy and the Ottoman Empire failed to evoke a loyalty capable of overriding the narrower kind of national sentiment. The peoples were not satisfied to be Czechs or Rumanians in the personal sense, and Austrians or Hungarians in the political. They wanted their own national States to satisfy both feelings: a Czech, Polish or Rumanian State; and at the end of the War, as Professor Seton-Watson has told you, a large proportion of them realised their ambition.

Useless to Deny National Self-Determination

This movement towards national self-determination, as it is so often called, has been hailed as a great victory for democracy and justice; and rightly. The attempt to deny the peoples this right kept South-Eastern Europe in turmoil for nearly a century, and failed in the long run; and history showed that the national impulse possessed an innate and overwhelming force which was able to face successfully what appeared to be overwhelming odds. Why, then, since two super-national Empires have been replaced by nine national States and one autonomous area—why is not everybody happy? Why do we still find complaints and discontents, threats of war and seething national unrest—precisely those things which the Peace settlement set itself to eliminate? That is the question which I have to try to answer here.

Well, the trouble is that not one of these new States is really national. Everything would have been all right if the Danube valley had consisted of a number of neat geographical units, each inhabited by a compact, homogeneous population of a single nationality. Unfortunately, it does not. It is the gateway of Europe to the East, and from time immemorial it has been the scene of constant invasions, migrations and re-settlements of waste territory. You get old, almost aboriginal, races like the Albanians, mostly inhabiting inaccessible mountains or marshes, driven up into their fastness when invaders arrive, venturing out into the open country when things are quiet. You get the two great groups of Germans and Slavs coming in, one from the north-west, the other from the south-east, and meeting along a

line of disputed, debated territory which stretches the whole way from the Baltic to the Adriatic, where for centuries they have been so closely intermingled that it is absolutely impossible to tell a man's national sentiment or his language from his name. You get a whole series of Turkish, Tartar and similar invaders from the Eastern steppes, some of whom, like the Magyars and the Bulgars, have made good and founded for themselves permanent homes, while others have ebbed back, leaving behind them fragments and islets of population which are more or less large and important. There are refugees before these invasions, like the Serbs of what used to be Southern Hungary and is now Northern Yugoslavia, and groups brought in to re-settle land left waste by previous invasions, or for some other special purpose, like the Germans who are scattered today over so much of Hungary, Rumania and Yugoslavia.

National Hotch-Potch

From those various movements, which have been going on up to the present day—it was only last year that the Commission which had been engaged in moving the Turks out of Greece wound up its labours—the most inconceivable hotch-potch of nationalities has resulted. In Southern Bessarabia, now belonging to Rumania, there are at least fourteen distinct and recognisable indigenous nationalities—not counting, that is, the foreign trading colonies. These are Rumanians, Russians, Ukrainians, Poles, Bulgarians, Turks, Tartars, Gagauz (whatever those may be: no one, least of all themselves, seems to know; they speak a dialect of Turkish, and worship according to the Greek rite), Germans, French, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and gypsies. The Rumanians, who are anxious to emphasise the relative majority of their own people, sometimes subdivide the Russians into three: Russians, Cossacks and Lipovans, the last named being pure Russians by origin but living a life apart; their ancestors were banished from Russia by Peter the Great on account of their heretical religious and political opinions. They spend their time catching sturgeon for caviare at the mouth of the Danube and cultivating the heresies in question. This brings the number up to sixteen. The Russians, in their propaganda literature, count all these three, and the Ukrainians, as Russians; but they subdivide the Rumanians into two branches—Moldavians and Walachians. There is clearly room for argument as to detail; but equally clearly, my figure of fourteen is a fairly conservative estimate.

Obviously, in areas like this, the very idea of a national State becomes an absurdity, and although the whole of the Danube valley is not such a hotch-potch as Bessarabia, there are plenty of places where three, four or five nationalities rub shoulders within a very small area. But there are other places in which the lines of racial cleavage are fairly distinct, and yet the Peace Conference found it impossible, for economic or military reasons, to follow the national dividing line in laying down the political frontier. The South Tyrol, with its compact German-Austrian population, which Italy claimed and obtained as necessary for her security, is an example which is very well known over here. Then there is Italy's north-eastern frontier, with its Slovene population; strips along the western frontier of Bulgaria; a ring of plain, inhabited almost exclusively by Magyars and running round a great part of the new frontier of Hungary, which was given to the Successor States in order to facilitate their communications, for the territory which is racially Slovak and Rumanian consists largely of mountains and valleys opening inwards into the Hungarian plain and lacking transverse communication. Finally, there is the ring of German-speaking territory which encircles a large part of Bohemia, and has been for centuries in close economic and political connection with the predominantly Czech centre of Bohemia. In all these cases the ethnographical principle was deliberately set aside as less

essential, either to the populations themselves, or to other powers, than economic or strategic considerations.

One way and another, the minorities which thus found themselves included in the so-called National States add up to a very formidable total. If the total population of the five main Danubian countries is about sixty-two millions—eighteen millions in Rumania, nearly fourteen in Czechoslovakia, fourteen in Yugoslavia, close on nine in Hungary and nearly seven in Austria—the minorities in these five countries amount together to well over twelve millions, a population little smaller than that of Yugoslavia, and nearly twice that of Austria. In Yugoslavia the minorities form about one-sixth of the total population; in Rumania about one-quarter; in Czechoslovakia more than one-third. Even Hungary, pared to the bone as she has been, has been left with several hundreds of thousands of Germans, besides smaller numbers of other races. These figures do not include the Jews in countries like Hungary, where they are not officially listed as separate nationalities; while if we are talking of unsatisfied aspirations towards self-determination, which is, after all, the essence of the minority problem, we ought not to forget that in 1919 the Austrian national assembly voted unanimously for incorporation in Germany, and only the veto of the Allies prevented this incorporation from taking place. In any case, the problems presented by a body which amounts to at least one-fifth of the entire population cannot in any sense be regarded as minor problems. It is true that some of the minorities are small, backward and isolated groups of peoples, but others, like the Germans of Bohemia and Moravia, are great, powerful and well-organised communities which control a large part of their country's national wealth and enjoy a highly developed social and cultural life. And if the different minorities are divided from one another by racial, political and geographical differences, so that they cannot make their weight felt as a unit, yet against this must be set the fact that many of them, especially the Germans and Hungarians, enjoy the support and backing of the countries to which they are ethnically affiliated. Thus in every way, on political as well as on humanitarian grounds, the position of the minorities surely deserves close consideration.

Minority Grievances

Now, apart from the mere fact that they have been denied that self-determination granted to other peoples, what are the grievances of which the minorities complain? They are many and various, but they can be grouped under two main heads. The first is *forced assimilation*: the denial to the minority of the right to assert its own national identity and enjoy its own national life, and the attempt to impose upon it the nationality of the majority. This is an unfortunate but almost inevitable by-product of the principle of self-determination. Once you get the boundaries of a State determined, not by historical or dynastic considerations, but by the nationality—however that term is conceived locally—of the population, you immediately get competition for the border districts. If language is the locally accepted criterion, rival schools are set up to teach the languages of the different States which lay claim to the territory in question, and there is competition between them and pressure on the parents to send their children to one or the other school.

The classical example of this sort of thing was in Macedonia before the War, when all the Balkan States were struggling and intriguing for the heritage that was bound to fall due on the death of Turkey, the 'sick man of Europe'. That was a case in which everyone felt that a change of frontiers was inevitable, and laid their plans accordingly. Things are more stable today than they were in the old Turkey, and the methods employed are more civilised. They no longer kill off recalcitrant populations. But still, whenever there is a population which has been cut off by a frontier line from the State inhabited by its kinsfolk, there is always the same feeling that things may change. The doctrine of self-determination may be applied again, and this time the strategic or economic or historic considerations which over-rode the ethnographical factor in 1919 may not seem so important or so respectable. There is still the same temptation to a Government to try to denationalise the members of the minority in question by forbidding them the use of their language, closing their schools and churches, suppressing their newspapers, changing the

names of their towns and streets, and so on. Conversely, the State which lost under the 1919 treaties has an equally strong inducement to help the national spirit of the minority to live. In this way national questions grow out beyond the bounds of internal problems between the majority and minorities, in which we outsiders are interested, if at all, only on grounds of common humanity, and may give rise to dangerous international complications. The chief sufferers are certainly the members of the minority itself, who have an unenviable time. If they protest or resist in any way against the actions of their Government, they are liable to be clapped in prison as irredentists and traitors, or at best, fired from their jobs. The Government posts are filled by reliable elements from the interior, who all too often do not even speak the language of the local population; the land is sometimes colonised with peasants, probably ex-soldiers from the interior; in short, everything possible is done to dragoon this minority into adopting the nationality of the majority by the peculiar method of presenting the culture of that majority in the most unfavourable light possible.

Frontier Districts

The districts chiefly affected by the particular form of minorities policy are, as I said, the frontier districts, or those whose attribution to their State does not seem quite safe. The worse the conscience of the State about its possession of any particular district, the more feverishly does it hasten, as a rule, to create for itself a claim by denationalising the minorities. Scattered groups in the interior of a country, for whom irredentism is impossible, naturally come off better; there have, indeed, been cases in which such groups have been favoured, and their national feeling fostered, in order to play them off against the more dangerous minorities in their vicinity. But such cases are rare, for once you get the principle of the National State thoroughly established, the feeling is bound to grow up that *all* minorities are an anomaly—as they are in a National State; and a nuisance which ought to be abated—as they are certainly not, if properly treated. But you get the conviction, which I am afraid is spreading, that to meet the stresses and dangers of modern international life every nation must become as close-knit a unity as possible, everyone thinking and moving together; and that you cannot get this without complete uniformity in all the characteristics of nationality. There are only a very few very old-fashioned minorities whose attachment to the nation in which they live is traditional and well-tried, who have come to be accepted and encouraged, like the Tartars in Poland. Nearly all minorities are subject to a pressure which is not always brutal, but is steady and powerful, to give up their national characteristics and sentiments.

Results of the Peace Settlement

Then there is a different set of tendencies, which spring from other considerations and sometimes counteract those of which I have been speaking, while at other times they reinforce them; in any case, they do not tend to make the lives of the minorities any more tolerable but rather to attack them from a different quarter. These spring largely out of the particular circumstances of the readjustment which followed the War. The Peace Settlement marked the successful revolt of the under-dog against the top-dog. The political structure of the Danube basin had been built up, broadly speaking, on a basis of national inequality. In the West, the Germans had been the masters; in Hungary, the Magyars; in the Balkans, the Turks—or rather, since the Ottoman Empire was founded on a religious and not a racial basis, the Muhammadans. This structure was not, of course, intact in 1918. The Turkish rule had already been liquidated in most of the Balkans. In Austria, the different nationalities had been, constitutionally, on an equality since 1867, and for quite long periods the Government was in the hands of the Slav parties, with the Germans in the opposition. Yet the Germans still occupied a commanding position, as their heritage from past centuries, and were the leaders of the social, political and economic life. This was still more definitely the case in Hungary, where, although the Magyars only formed roughly one-half of the population, the whole structure of the State was Magyar. All higher education and higher administration was Magyar, just as in this country it is English and not Welsh or Gaelic. All the big landowners, all the leaders of industry, commerce or finance, were Magyars by origin or adop-

tion. A member of a non-Magyar nationality might, and frequently did, rise to high honour and position in Hungary; but if he did so he renounced—not formally but in practice—his former national feeling and became a Magyar.

Now the result of applying the principle of self-determination has been that the power has suddenly passed in the Successor States to the nationalities which were the most numerous in their respective areas, but economically and politically the most backward. The Slovaks, Rumanians and Serbs were for the most part peasants, workmen or small bourgeoisie. They were not even middle class, except in a small way, for the functions of the non-official middle classes were largely carried out by other elements still: either Jews or colonists, German or other. The new masters are not willing to remain any longer in their old subordinate position. They want to get for themselves a firm grip on the machinery of the State, and a social and economic status. The Rumanians of Transylvania, for example, since that country has been transferred from Hungary to Rumania, are no longer content that the land shall be owned by Magyar landlords, that the language of higher education and administration shall be Magyar, the banking and industry in the hands of Magyarised Jews and Germans. They have set about creating their own bourgeoisie, official, professional and industrial. One cannot perhaps blame them, but it is a very painful process for the old Magyar and German landowners, officials, teachers and the like, who are shouldered out, more or less gently, to make room for the new people. High schools and universities are converted; the old teachers have to go. The language of administration is changed; the officials who do not know the new language are dismissed or pensioned off. Agrarian reforms are carried through; the landowners lose their property and get little in the way of compensation. A new set of journalists get the Government press agencies, a new set of doctors get the panel patients, and so on and so on. One may say that the process is largely inevitable; that it is a liquidation of past inequalities, a mere redressing of the balance. This does not make it any easier for the sufferers, even if the balance was no more than redressed; and it would be quite idle to pretend that all the Successor States have always stopped at that and have not tried to place their own nationals, not merely in a position of equality, but one of dominance. The only thing one can say is that the transition, through which we are passing now, is the most painful period.

What is the Remedy?

Is there any remedy for this unhappy state of things? At the end of the War, the Allies were conscious of the danger of placing such large numbers of minorities under alien rule. It is true that they probably did not foresee just how grievous the position of many minorities would become with the growth of extreme chauvinism which has been so distressing a feature of our days. They hoped, and it is clear from the records that they believed, that the position of the minorities would be sufficiently safeguarded by the Minorities Treaties. These Treaties, which were imposed, often in the face of the most obstinate resistance, on all the minor States of Central and Eastern Europe, promise the minorities equality of treatment with the majorities in matters of law, the enjoyment of civil and political rights, and so on, and further, certain safeguards for their special national characteristics. They were promised freedom of religion, the free use of their language in non-official life, the right to keep their own schools, charitable institutions and so on, and to have their children taught in their mother language in the State primary schools, where their numbers justify it. These provisions are placed under the guarantee of the League of Nations, and the League Council has wide powers to see that they are applied.

The Minority Treaties have not, unfortunately, fulfilled all the hopes which were reposed in them when they were drafted. The enforcement of them has proved one of the most difficult tasks which the League has had to fulfil. Many of the States concerned resented the Treaties bitterly from the first, partly because they felt it to be an inequality that they alone should be made answerable to an outside authority for their treatment of the minorities. At the last League assembly Poland gave very strong expression to this feeling in refusing to collaborate with the League in executing her Treaty. There is

some justification for this feeling of grievance, for although it can very well be argued that a new or greatly enlarged State like Poland or Rumania, taking over great tracts of country from another State, is in a totally different position from Great Britain or the Netherlands with their long-established frontiers, Italy, although receiving new acquisitions, was not required to sign a treaty in respect of them, since she was a Great Power, and this division of States into an upper and a lower class was precisely what the smaller States resented. In any case, however, many of them would have objected to the Treaties as cramping their policy towards their minorities. Generally, therefore, the application of the Treaties has met with active or passive resistance from the States concerned; and if they are to be truly effective, genuine co-operation by the State, and for that matter, by the majority population also, is absolutely essential. The League can, and has on various occasions, intervened to get laws and acts cancelled if they flagrantly violated the principles of the Treaties. It has stopped measures of so-called 'land reform' which were really only excuses to evict members of a minority. It secured the repeal of an act restricting the admission of Jews to a university. It has caused minority schools, which had been closed by the local authorities, to be reopened, and so on. But no outside control on earth can ever ensure good feeling between minorities and majorities, and good feeling is the alpha and omega of the whole business. Therefore, while the League protection has its value for minorities, it is and can be only a palliative at the best. It can never be a cure.

Readjustment Needed Between Nation and State

The only real way out lies, it seems to me, in a readjustment of the whole relationship between Nation and State, or between the two ideas of nationality of which I spoke at the beginning of this talk. After all, it is the idea of the National State which is the intruder—a most unhappy importation from the West, as Professor Toynbee said. In older days in the Danube valley no one imagined that to be a loyal citizen of Hungary, for example, it was necessary to speak Magyar and bear a Magyar name. There is a famous document (its authenticity has been disputed, but it certainly reflects the temper of the day): it is the instructions given to his son by St. Stephen, the first Christian king of Hungary, who ruled in the year 1,000 A.D. He enjoins his son to encourage 'guests and immigrants' on the ground that 'a kingdom of one tongue and one habit is feeble and fragile'. Each nationality, in older days, lived under its own dispensation, all united by a common loyalty to the State. The Swiss work their State on this system today; so do we, very largely. A man is not despised or suspect, or pressed to change his name and his mother-tongue, because he is a Welshman or a Channel Islander. Those people are not, properly speaking, minorities at all, for although they are few in number, spiritually and politically they are the full equals of the English. Some change of feeling of this kind is bound to come about sooner or later in the Danube valley, because it is the conception which naturally fits the conditions; and conditions always end by forming political philosophies. It is most earnestly to be hoped that the change will come soon, for until it does come, we shall never have true peace on the Danube.

You will be hearing in later talks about the possibilities and the rights and wrongs of various political combinations. Some, no doubt, are better than others; but it is quite certain that none of them can ever give abiding peace which fails to meet the legitimate desires of this very important body, the minorities, which constitute, as I said, twenty per cent. of the entire population of the Danubian States. The majorities are the successes of today; the minorities are the failures, the people who have been left out in the cold. Nevertheless, they are fully as attached as the majorities themselves to their own language, religion, historical traditions and national characteristics, and no system which attempts to deprive them of those things, or to make their possession thereof a burden to them, can ever end in anything but disaster.

Many listeners will be glad to have a permanent record of the address on the Jubilee Trust, broadcast by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on April 12. This is now available, as the Prince of Wales has graciously given a shorter version of his speech on an Octacros gramophone record, made by Syncrophone Ltd. The record, which is 10-inch single-sided, costs 2s. 6d., and is on sale throughout the Empire to benefit the Trust.



A corner of the breeding grounds on Mr. Newman's farm at Bexley Heath. Muslin-covered frames are placed over tubs in which food-plants are grown for the various caterpillars enclosed

Nature Notes

Instinct in Insects

By L. HUGH NEWMAN

Mr. Newman and his father run a butterfly farm; he has therefore had good opportunities for studying the habits of insects

ALL the ingenious devices which insects show—protection from enemies, migration, adaptive coloration and so on—are simply due to hereditary instincts. The construction of an insect's brain is not elaborate enough to allow of anything that might be termed intelligence.

For instance, you might suppose that the great care with which a female butterfly or moth protects its eggs was due to deliberate planning. Nothing of the kind. The plan is like a piece of intricate machinery—a certain result is produced with great regularity according to the construction of the machine. There can be no deviations, no changes which will permit the plan to vary according to changing circumstances. Take the Silver Washed Fritillary butterfly, for example. If you watch these butterflies playing together in the sunlight long enough you will see the females making for high places on neighbouring tree trunks, where they tuck their eggs into crevices of the bark. There the eggs are wonderfully secure during the winter months. On the first warm sunny day of spring the caterpillars hatched from the eggs crawl out on to a projecting piece of bark and are carried by a puff of wind to the ground. They soon find food to eat, violet leaves, for example; and in any case it doesn't matter if they don't find their food at once, since they have been fasting all the winter. Here you see the female exercising an instinct which places her eggs in a protective position. Now when the Silver Washed Fritillary is bred under artificial conditions, although no conceivable benefit can follow, the instinct still holds good, and is so strong that the female's behaviour is just the same as in wild life. We breed the butterflies in cages planted with violets and honey-bearing flowers which are their natural food, but the females, in spite of the tempting presence of these natural

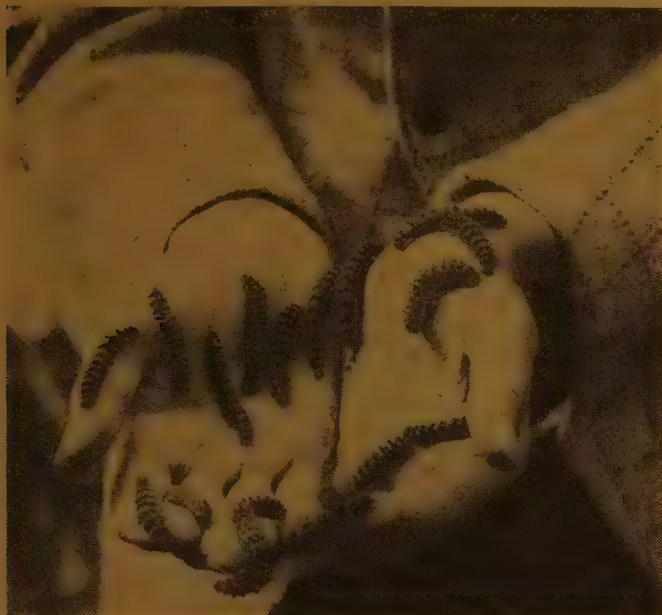
foods, still persist in tucking their eggs in the farthest corners of the roof of the cages, where they are no more secure than they would be if they were laid directly on to the violet leaves.

I could give many other examples of the remarkable parental care apparently exercised by insects. There is the female Gold Tail moth, for example. After she has laid her eggs she rubs her hairy tail all over them while they are still sticky, covering and securing them admirably with this sticky material. By the way, you can easily see this activity for yourself, for the Gold Tail moth is quite common and now is the time for collecting the caterpillars. You will find them wild, feeding on rose bushes or on plum trees, or on hawthorn hedges. They are black and hairy, with striking red and white markings down their backs. You must, however, handle them carefully, for their hairs are more irritating than stinging nettles.

There are other interesting examples of the apparent cleverness of insects and caterpillars, specially among those caterpillars that live gregariously like ants or bees. Take, for example, young Peacock caterpillars which appear to be amazingly efficient architects and get their results from good team work. You probably know the female Peacock butterfly—it has got four big peacock eyes on its wings. The female lays her eggs stuck on the underside of a stinging nettle leaf. As soon as the caterpillars hatch they crawl out and clamber to the top of the stem. Here they all start weaving a kind of tent, joining the leaves together with a platform of silk. On fine days you can see them sunbathing on this platform, but if it is wet or cold they crawl inside the tent. If you sprinkle the web gently with a watering can the caterpillars rush below. It is a case of all hands below deck.

I suppose the finest example of warning coloration among

British insects is to be found in the Swallowtail. The Swallowtail has brilliant yellow bands on its green body so that it can be seen on almost any background. Presumably this coloration is intended to warn would-be attackers; for it is very similar to wasp's coloration. The Swallowtail, however, does not sting; it simply has a very nasty taste. We breed the Swallowtail on our Butterfly Farm. In order to do so we cover their food plants with large muslin bags. Birds peck at the



A handful of Emperor caterpillars

insects through the muslin bag. They can't, of course, see the coloration, but if they succeed in dragging one of the insects through the hole which they have made with their beaks, it is never eaten. The Swallowtail is also armed with another weapon of defence—this time for aggressive and not for defensive action. At any sign of danger it throws out two jelly-like horns from its head, from which comes an obnoxious smell. There are other insects which use the same method. The graceful little Lace Wing fly, for example, which most of you must know. It is commonly found eating greenfly on rose trees.

In spite of all these protective devices there is a very high mortality in the insect world. You seldom find that more than one or two per cent. of the eggs laid by a parent insect come to maturity under natural conditions. But on our Butterfly Farm we can usually succeed in rearing most of a brood—nearly 100 per cent. From the moment the eggs are first laid we keep them in specially designed boxes to keep out such marauders as ants, earwigs, spiders, all of which consider eggs tasty morsels of food. Even the legs of the tables upon which the boxes stand are immersed in small buckets of water mixed with insecticide. As soon as the eggs hatch we transfer the caterpillars to their natural food plants out of doors, using a camel hair brush for picking up the smaller species, so as not to injure them.

Out of doors we cover the natural food plants with enormous muslin bags which we call 'sleeves'. To manoeuvre one of these sleeves over a poplar tree thirty feet high is no easy job, and may take several men several hours. The result of covering a poplar tree upon which a thousand Hawk moth caterpillars are feeding with one of these enormous muslin sleeves must be heard to be believed. The noise of the caterpillars feeding,

tearing the leaves with their sharp jaws, can be heard quite a long way off. Hawk moths are interesting creatures. You might perhaps be interested to hear of some experiments which have been made demonstrating their remarkable powers of communication which is akin to wireless telegraphy. The best examples of this form of communication can be seen at night, and so perhaps I will take as an example the Emperor moth, instead of the Hawk moth, because this species assembles in the late afternoon.

Their remarkable power of communication can best be demonstrated in relation to their sexual function. Virgin females have the power of attracting males from quite a long distance, and I have carried out several experiments which indicate that this must be due to something which is akin to electrical waves. During the period when the males are attracted to the females, the female remains practically motionless except for slight vibrations of her antennae and sexual organs, which are pulsating rhythmically. The antennae of the males are thickly fringed and it seems as if these fringed antennae might be regarded as detectors much in the same way as frame aerials are in wireless. In one of the experiments I tried I placed the female on top of her cage and liberated several marked males on a heath two miles from the cage. A short time after the virgin female had begun calling, that is to say, soon after her rhythmical pulsations had begun, I noticed a male circling round the cage. Two other males soon joined him and all three circled closer and closer to the cage. All at once the first male darted towards the door of the cage and tried to get inside. I caught it and found it was one of those I had marked. Of the other two one was unmarked, so it must have been wild. We know that scent is the latter part of the attraction, partly because you will find a male diligently searching an empty box which has contained a virgin female. I have also been able to show that males will come to a female in a closed wooden box; but if the box is made of metal and earthed, they will not come. This would appear to favour the theory of communication by some form of electricity.

Of course direction finding is one of the wonders of insect life. It is a well-known fact that bees and ants can find their way home if they are not interrupted by any untoward means. Many people are of the opinion that an ant appears to record the journey it has covered by some form of direct register on



Swallowtail butterflies in one of the large breeding-cages on Mr. Newton's butterfly farm

its brain cells, whereas the bee records the distance it has flown indirectly, by the number of wing beats. A bee, for example, will fly a certain distance and then start looking for the hive.

It would be interesting to talk about the migratory instinct of butterflies. I cannot do more, however, than mention the remarkable migration of Large Whites which can often be seen round the coast line of the British Isles. I remember seeing a

(Continued on page 884)

Music

Tchaikovsky in the Light of Recent Criticism

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

Koussevitzky will conduct Tchaikovsky's 'Pathetic' Symphony at the London Music Festival Concert to be broadcast on May 27

MARKING that Tchaikovsky's 'Pathetic' is the only Russian symphony on the programme of this year's London Music Festival, one is unavoidably reminded of the vicissitudes of Tchaikovsky's music during the last few decades, the history of which is instructive in many respects. There was a time, not so far back, when Tchaikovsky was regarded, in Western countries, as the only Russian composer worth noticing, the only one who had tackled music in an earnest and respectable spirit; who was not a 'barbarian' and a 'musical cannibal', but wrote works which could easily be understood and enjoyed. He was popular in Germany at a time when Balakiref, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Mussorgsky were unknown or despised, and in this country when these other composers were still regarded, at best, as interesting examples of exotic singularity and waywardness. The general attitude towards him at the end of the last century is shown by these lines from an article by A. E. Keeton in the *Contemporary Review*, July, 1900:

His creative genius displays itself under the three headings of orchestral, dramatic, and lyrical music, in all of which he achieved high excellence. His productiveness, too, was immense: nothing like it—in such universal perfection as his—can be instanced since Mozart. He had an exquisite perception for finish and detail. In his capacity for patient labour, he was singularly unlike the generality of his compatriots. He stands wide apart from Glinka or any of the exponents of the Russian school proper . . . who often are little short of hideous in their daring efforts.

It was only in France that widely different views prevailed at the time. But a very few years later, the tide began to turn in other countries. In the *Oxford History of Music* (Vol. VI, 1905) Tchaikovsky was described as 'weak in the matters of concentration and sense of balance and design'. In 1906, Sir Henry Hadow wrote:

Among the principal Russian masters, Tchaikovsky is, perhaps, the least central and the least representative; the want of personal force which enfeebled his life renders his music liable to external influences, and allows it sometimes, from very weariness of invention, to sink into triviality and commonplace. But, although the most unequal among great composers, he reaches, at his best, an extraordinarily high level of beauty.

And, while the popularity of Tchaikovsky's music with the listening public at large went on steadily increasing, so did—although on a small scale, and chiefly in professional circles—the number of those who regarded a good deal of this music as loose, cheap, over-emotional and sensational; who were more sensitive to its defects than to its merits, and so, maybe, failed to hold the balance even no less grossly than the uncritical admirers of the earlier period had.

Their attitude can be explained by borrowing an ingenious and forcible simile from Mr. Ernest Newman's *The Man Liszt*: 'Every composer's mind has a certain odour, so to speak, that either strikes pleasantly on our nostrils or does not: it is the somewhat corrupt odour of Meyerbeer's mind, for instance, that makes us turn away from him today'. So did the 'odour' of Tchaikovsky's mind turn a few of us away from him. I do not intend to go into the question whether any useful arguments would be adduced in support of this feeling—for it is, when all is said and done, a matter of feeling. The important point is that quite a number have been adduced, and that now the challengers are challenged in turn on their own ground—on questions not of feeling, but of musical facts.

The first to protest was Stravinsky, at the time when Diaghilev (who, like all Russians, was a keen admirer of Tchaikovsky, and who had reluctantly excluded his music from his early programmes in deference to the widespread prejudice against it that obtained in France, the field of his first triumphant campaigns) decided to produce the ballet 'The Sleeping Beauty'. His enthusiastic profession of faith in Tchaikovsky, his praise, not only of Tchaikovsky's genius generally, but of his sense of form and design, of his dignity and restraint (that is, of the very qualities for the lack of which Tchaikovsky had

long been impugned), were received with a certain amount of scepticism, and regarded, in certain quarters, as mere special pleading. The first volume of his recently published *Memoirs* shows that it was the honest expression of a live conviction; the second, we are told, will contain more on the matter.

But even before this first volume had appeared, many signs had shown that again the tide had definitely turned. Thus, in 1924, Sir Hamilton Harty had written:

Tchaikovsky's huge and sudden popularity in this country could hardly have endured at its height unless he had been the greatest composer who had ever lived. Such a fierce concentration of limelight on any one composer would have showed up the flaws in a far greater figure. The subsequent subsidence in the 'Tchaikovsky craze' was a natural consequence of a somewhat exaggerated appreciation. But with all his faults, Tchaikovsky is again finding a settled and important place in our musical life. It would be absurd to claim for him the title of great composer, but he is the best of his kind, and the best of anything has always a settled value.

The most recent criticism has gone farther, and inclines, with Stravinsky, altogether to deny the existence of defects. From Paris, for instance, a Russian critic, Leonid Sabaneev, has been describing Tchaikovsky as:

One of the last composers to whom were given the genius for melody and the secret of creating the new and the simple. There was a reaction against him, in Russia, as there is now (1929) in France—solely due to his clever, rational, intellectual, and æsthetic conception of music. The cold-blooded snobs and æsthetes, what can they have in common with this strange, naïve, undiplomatic being, who sincerely uttered everything that he felt, and uttered it with genius? The only thing for them was to accuse him of lack of taste.

In Russia, the reaction against him, never very strong nor very widespread, is a thing of the past. For a time, in the post-Revolution days, when all notions about art were in the melting-pot, he was frowned upon as too self-satisfied and 'bourgeois' in his outlook, too much addicted to emotional introspection. But gradually, the more thoughtful critics of the new regime began to see him in a different perspective; and less than two years ago, one of them, D. Jitomirsky, unhesitatingly proclaimed him to have been:

The first Russian symphonist of his kind, the first to write symphonies whose form was determined not by picturesque imagery or impressions, not by ornamental colour-schemes or descriptive purposes, but by philosophical problems conceived in the abstract—one whose music has a tremendous force as well as a great historical value.

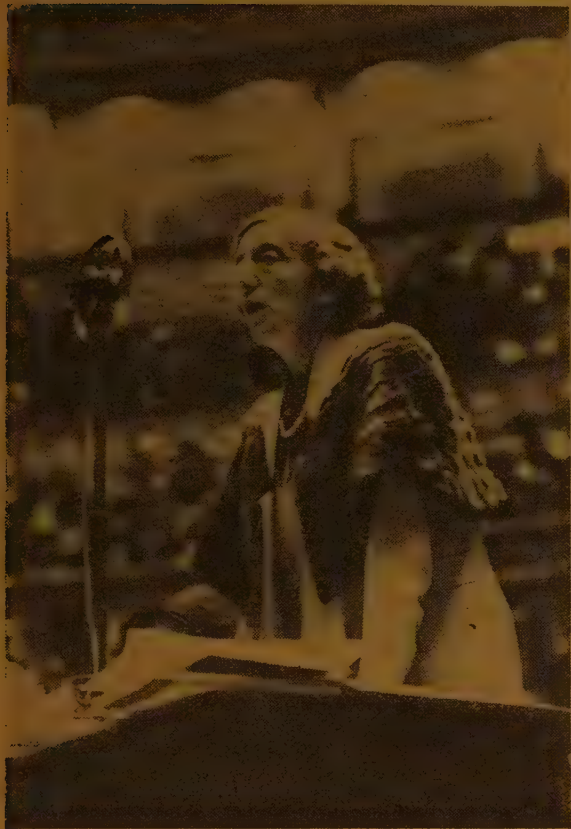
But it is in the pages of Sir Donald Tovey's *Essays on Musical Analysis* devoted to the Pathetic Symphony that we find the most strongly and most judiciously substantiated vindication of Tchaikovsky on purely musical grounds, in flat contradiction of all that had ever been said about this particular work's looseness of form and meretriciousness of style:

Nowhere else has he concentrated so great a variety of music within so effective a scheme; and the slow finale, with its complete simplicity of despair, is a stroke of genius which solves all the artistic problems that have proved most baffling to symphonic writers since Beethoven. The whole work carries conviction without the slightest sense of effort; and its most celebrated features . . . are thrown into high relief by developments far more powerful, terse, and highly organised than Tchaikovsky has achieved in any other work.

So, following the trend of criticism, one naturally comes to the conclusion that the thousands of listeners who had taken Tchaikovsky's music to heart from the first are proved to have been right all along, as were the earlier critics who had expressed their admiration in effusive rather than in critically balanced terms. If modern scholarship at its best can regard strictures of Tchaikovsky's form, style, and methods generally, as unfounded, then dissenters have nothing but their personal feeling to fall back upon. The forthcoming performance (the first to follow the publication of Tovey's admirable book) will enable them to put this feeling once again to the test. Even now, they realise that they stand in a very small minority.

RADIO NEWS-REEL MAY 13-19

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

Lady Denman speaking at the nineteenth annual meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institutes on Thursday. Eight thousand women from villages throughout the country were assembled in the Albert Hall. Among the subjects discussed were: better supplies of milk for children and of water for everyone, the undesirability of country night clubs, and the export of horses for butchery.

TULIPS IN LINCOLNSHIRE

Last week three thousand acres of May-flowering tulips were in full bloom in Lincolnshire, and special tours of the bulb fields were organised from various parts of the country. But the flowers were sadly blighted by the cold weather which swept the country at the end of the week.



THE 'MAURETANIA' UNDER THE HAMMER

The auctioneer took command of the *Mauretania* in Southampton Docks on May 14. The sale was scheduled to last eight days, and the lots included everything from the costly panelling of the first-class rooms, to the steering wheel and the barber's chair.



NEW BRIDGE IN DENMARK

On May 14, the King of Denmark opened the long-awaited first bridge over the Little Belt—the straits separating Jutland from the island of Funen.

The difficulties of construction have produced quite a new technique in bridge-building. The pillars had to be sunk a full 26 feet into the bed of the Belt. At this depth and among currents of 10 feet per second, compressed air was out of the question. The outer skin of each caisson consisted of a wall, over 3 feet thick, and inside these pipes were great cylindrical tubes and drills, which set to work to remove the stiff clay and then allow the caisson to lower itself by its own weight of 50,000 tons. Then, inside the islands thus formed, the water was pumped out, and the men could in normal atmospheric pressure dig out the loose layers of mud and fill up the caisson with concrete.

The bridge will shorten the distance from London to Copenhagen considerably. It has been built by a Danish company, but the construction of another, three times as long, is in the hands of a British engineering firm.





TO PARIS FOR SIX SHILLINGS

On May 16 Herr Robert Kronfeld flew from Croydon to Paris in four hours and ten minutes in a sailplane fitted with a five horse-power motor-cycle engine. The trip cost him just under 6s. in running expenses.



SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH

Sir Charles Kingsford Smith arrived back at Sydney in the *Southern Cross* early on Wednesday, May 15, after one of the most desperate flights that even he has ever made.

He left Sydney the night before on a special Jubilee flight to New Zealand. About half-way across the Tasman Sea, the starboard propeller came off. Later the centre engine went wrong. Finally, the port motor began to misfire badly. Mr. Taylor, the navigator, climbed out on the wing and managed to get some oil from the centre motor for the port engine. After nine hours' struggle they just managed to reach Sydney in safety.



THE FLEET IN THE THAMES

Twenty-two ships of the Home Fleet sailed up the Thames Estuary last Wednesday and anchored at various points from Southend to Tower Bridge. Above is the destroyer *Kempensfelt* in the Pool of London. On Thursday afternoon the ships were thrown open to visitors and thousands of people made the two-mile journey from Southend to see them in spite of a chilly wind and a choppy sea. The fleet was illuminated over the week-end and remained 'at home' to the public until May 22.

THE BONUS BILL IN WASHINGTON

The War Veterans' Bonus Bill is once more in the American news. It provides for the issue of four hundred million pounds of fresh currency to pay off the bonus obligations of the Federal Government to war veterans. It has passed both Houses of Congress, but on May 16 it was definitely announced from the White House that President Roosevelt had decided to veto it. The picture on the right shows part of the huge concourse of war veterans which marched on Washington in the summer of 1932, filling the Plaza and swarming up the steps of the Capitol.





ITALIAN TROOPS IN AFRICA

The situation between Italy and Abyssinia is still in a state of considerable tension. More Italian troops have been mobilised. Men of the 1910 and 1912 class who have had technical training have received warning notices that their services will be needed, and the remainder of the 1912 class—already partially mobilised—is to be called up in reserve.

The Italian Government has now nominated two of its diplomatists to serve on the Conciliation Committee, which is to discuss the whole dispute. According to messages from Rome, the two Italians and two Abyssinian delegates will endeavour to reach a solution themselves, and only if they fail to do so will a fifth and neutral member be appointed.

In a speech in the Italian Senate, the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies said that the European Powers had assumed a terrible responsibility in the last few years by leaving Abyssinia to herself. Italy had historic rights as the Power most interested in Abyssinia, and whatever happened, the Fascist Government would do its duty.



THE BALKAN CONFERENCE

The foreign ministers of Turkey, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Greece at the conference of the Balkan Entente which closed officially in Bucharest at the beginning of last week. The greatest difficulty, it appears, was to induce Yugoslavia to take the same attitude to the re-arming of Austria, Bulgaria and Hungary as the other three Powers; but in the end, it was announced that complete agreement had been reached. The names, reading left to right are: Tewfik Rusdu Arras, M. Yevtitch, M. Titulescu and M. Maximos.



BACK FROM THE ANTARCTIC

The *William Scoresby* is back in the London Docks after a seven-months' voyage in the Antarctic, where she has been engaged in marking whales. Nearly 800 whales have been marked by long steel bullets fired into their blubber, and already a number of them have been caught.



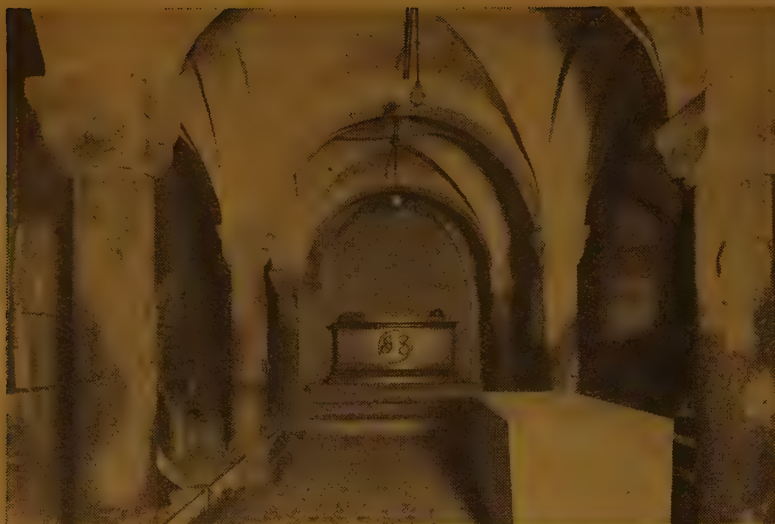
NEW POSTGRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL

On Monday, May 13, the King and Queen drove to Hammersmith to open the new Postgraduate Medical School which has been founded in Ducane Road.

FRENCH SUFFRAGETTES

There were remarkable demonstrations in Paris last week in favour of votes for women. Women with chains round their necks, wrists and ankles marched to the Place de la Bastille. There they threw off their fetters and put them on a pile of paper, which they set alight.



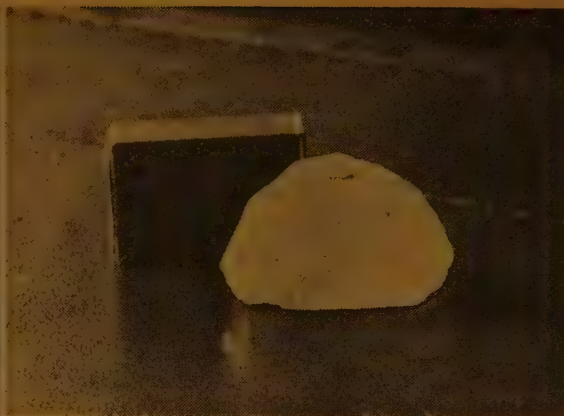


MARSHAL PILSUDSKI

Marshal Pilsudski died suddenly on May 12, after an illness which had lasted since Christmas. On May 18 his body was taken to Cracow, and the next day he was buried in the Vavel Cathedral. Above is a photograph of the tomb, where he will lie beside the old Polish heroes, the Kings of a former Poland.

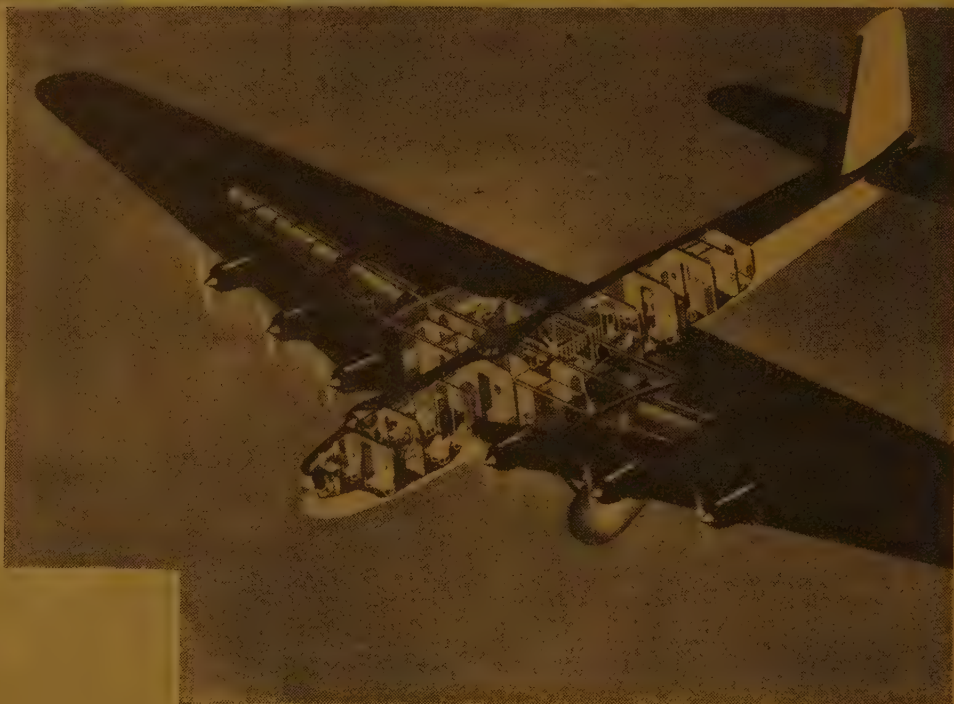
T. E. LAWRENCE

Colonel T. E. Lawrence died on Sunday morning, May 19, at 8 o'clock. He had lain unconscious with a fractured skull ever since the previous Monday, when he met with a motor-cycle accident in the village of Moreton, Dorset. Tributes by Viscount Allenby and Sir Herbert Baker are printed at the beginning of this issue. Below is a photograph of Lawrence as Aircraftman Shaw, taken astride his motor-cycle 'Boanerges', shortly after he joined the Air Force.



THE JONKER DIAMOND

The fourth largest diamond in the world has been sold to an American diamond merchant for about £150,000. It weighs 726 carats, and is as big as a hen's egg.



CRASH OF A SOVIET AIR GIANT

The *Maxim Gorki*, the largest aeroplane in the world, crashed early on Saturday afternoon near Moscow airport. The sectional view above shows some of the elaborate equipment with which it was fitted for propaganda work, including a rotary press which could turn out many copies of a small newspaper at high speed.



CANONISATION OF TWO ENGLISH SAINTS

On Sunday, May 19, in the Basilica of St. Peter, Rome, his Holiness Pope Pius XI. in person conducted the ceremony of canonisation of John Fisher and Sir Thomas More. An account of the pageantry will be found on p. 891.

Freedom

Is State Intervention Desirable?

By SIR THOMAS D. BARLOW

I AM not a political philosopher who can learnedly analyse what freedom is. I am only an ordinary member of the public engaged in a commercial occupation. I think that what I believe to be freedom is an essential attribute of a civilised community, and I assume that you do also. What really matters is whether it is assailed, and if so, what we ought to do about it. I have to consider the question in relation to current economic conditions, and as that is, to put it mildly, a large subject, I shall have to concentrate on a few of its more vital aspects.

Post-War Regulations for a Post-War World

For my purposes, freedom has no significance apart from the conditions of life under which it is to be enjoyed. Our problem is so to control the conditions of our life as to make possible the kind of freedom that we value. Two attributes of modern life stand out today as fundamentally important. One is the great increase in the complexity of life in the last thirty years. The second is the ever-growing participation of the State in affairs which were formerly left to private enterprise and, as a natural result, an ever-increasing tendency on the part of the State to interfere with the individual's freedom of action in many directions. Let us try really to face up to this question of interference by the State, for I think a great many people spend far too much of their time in lamenting a happier age when life was simpler and you could do what you liked with a minimum of interference from the State or anybody. These people don't allow for the real difficulties created by changed conditions. Up to the period of the War the world was roughly divided into countries exporting raw materials on the one hand and the products of highly developed industries on the other. Commercial relations between the two groups produced a natural two-way traffic and London was the financial centre through which it was carried on. But what is the position today? There is no longer a sharp division between countries exporting raw material and industrial products. London has no longer her unchallenged financial pre-eminence. Every country is trying to develop a self-contained economy. To create new industries in an area where none previously existed involves external stimulus. Hence tariffs, quotas, subsidies, and all those tiresome instruments which have multiplied so vexatiously of recent years. This country tried to carry on on the old basis after the War, and nearly cracked under the strain. We no longer have what we need and what we used to have, an expanding world, but one in which international trade is stationary or contracting. I don't applaud these developments. I deplore them more than I can express. But I am not discussing the world as it ought to be or as we should like it to be. I am taking it as it is and as it seems likely to continue for any period to which we can look ahead.

Where Special State Assistance is Needed

Anybody who thinks of the present situation with what we may call a pre-War outlook is mentally living in a world as dead and gone as the Holy Roman Empire. If every country is determined to order its affairs in the way I have described how can we do otherwise? We have become a protectionist country. We have even embarked on the attempt to save or to create particular industries by special assistance. The point is, therefore, surely this. However much we may desire freedom to do what we like, we must recognise that the world is in a condition in which neither the individual nor an individual industry has any longer the power to perform their appropriate functions and the State must intervene to make it possible for them to do so. It gives iron and steel protection on condition that the industry reorganises. It decides to stimulate various kinds of agricultural production and creates machinery for the purpose which involves amongst other things price control. It grants loans to and subsidises the herring industry which consists of very small units and cannot reorganise itself or create a marketing scheme without such special assistance.

These are typical examples of varying degrees of State

intervention. Such acts imply what is almost a revolution in our economic history. In a violently transitional age, which is what this is, they create difficult problems of adjustment. That is inevitable and unpleasant, but it is not a sufficient reason for their condemnation, taking the world situation as it is.

But let us go into this question a little more closely. The two opposing poles of thought as regards the relation of the State to the individual or to industry are, I suppose, represented by the desire for *laissez-faire* individualism on the one hand and for complete socialisation on the other. Although the sturdy attitude of mind which still believes in individualism naked and unashamed deserves the greatest respect, it seems to me as a political philosophy so impracticable that I must dismiss it as not meriting detailed discussion; but complete socialisation, by which I mean that the nation should 'collectively own, control and plan the material sources of wealth', demands much closer analysis. Mr. Morrison believes that this is necessary if the fullest possible freedom for the individual is to be achieved. I don't agree with him for a variety of reasons.

I referred before to the ever-growing complexity of life which expresses itself in innumerable ways, one of which is increasing mechanisation, a condition regarded by many people with alarm. Man, they say, becomes more and more the servant and not the master of the machine. He is a specialist in a narrow field, and being no longer mobile has great difficulty in self-adjustment if his occupation and his surrounding conditions are changed. But this tendency towards industrial specialisation will continue, nor will the tempo of scientific discovery slacken, and, indeed, there is no hope of survival if we resist either.

Freedom Through Leisure

Restriction of freedom in many industrial occupations is inevitable. Its preservation must be sought in life as a whole, through greater scope for freedom and self-expression in the hours of leisure. Within industry it is mere waste of time to oppose these irresistible forces of the age. At the same time I don't deny that there are many consequences of modern industrial life which do require counter-balancing adjustment, and the State can do and does do much to secure it in Home Office enactments, in regulation of hours and conditions of work, and in various forms of insurance and pensions. This type of interference, together with as short hours of work as are practicable, seems to me, up to this point in the discussion, the limit of what is externally desirable. The labour and difficulty involved nowadays for any industry in producing and delivering the goods are sufficiently severe without imposing upon it any more control and interference than can be avoided. These must result in decreased efficiency and in higher costs which mean either dearer or scarcer goods or else lower payments to everybody engaged in the industry. Socialisation, in fact, means not an improvement but a deterioration in the material condition and the freedom of the worker. Attempts to destroy or frustrate the personal incentive in industry seem to me to be based upon a psychological fallacy. Such impulses naturally require control, and are, indeed, drastically controlled, but anybody who proclaims that his life is organised on the basis of service is talking clap-trap. I should like to see that word 'service' expunged from our vocabulary. I said before, I admit, that conditions were such as to prevent the individual from performing his proper functions, but that is not to say that he should be encouraged to shift all his burdens on to the State, that he should not struggle to support himself, or that he should be denied the reward of his labours if he does. Obviously there are many enterprises in which the State must not only interfere, but in which it must exercise control, but if they are analysed it will, I think, always be found that the primary motive involved is not economic. Other activities are more debatable, but to take one which is highly controversial, let us consider agricultural

policy. If we cannot export, obviously we cannot import in the requisite volume either, and in such circumstances we must produce a larger proportion of the food we require. Whatever, therefore are the difficulties involved in an agricultural policy the State must in my opinion persevere in its attempt to establish it. But surely all this is enough and more than enough to be getting on with. Do not let us throw upon the State unnecessary burdens that we can avoid. The problem is admittedly complex, however, and there are other aspects of it that we must consider.

The change in world conditions has adversely affected many industries and especially those whose existence was largely dependent on their export trade. Many of these are finding it extremely difficult to adapt themselves to the new world. Their members cannot agree among themselves as to what they ought to do. Is an industry to put its house in order itself, and if it will not do so, is the State to do so for it? The State, it may be urged, can hardly stand aside and see an industry going to rack and ruin without making some attempt to arrest its decay. What degree of freedom is an industry to have? At the present time a dissenting minority can hold up the wishes of a majority and resist any form of concerted action. Its favourite motto is 'survival of the fittest', the most misunderstood and abused phrase in the language. Survival of the fittest comes about not by a prolonged dog fight which ends by leaving victor and vanquished almost equally exhausted, but by capacity of adaptation to a changed environment. He who so best adjusts himself is the fittest to survive.

A Healthy Industry Had Better Be Left Alone

The proper action for the State, it seems to me, is to tell industry that it must put its house in order, that if it shows an inclination to do so the State will pass a Bill enabling the majority, after prolonged and sufficient discussion, to impose their will upon the industry as a whole and that the State will use its authority to enable it to borrow at a cheap rate such funds as are necessary to bring this about. This should be, I believe, the attitude of the Government in an extreme case, i.e. in relation to an industry which has fallen on evil days. To suggest that such a method is universally applicable is absurd. The conditions and the circumstances of individual industries differ so much that any generalisation is valueless. A young and growing industry, or, indeed, any healthy industry had much better be left alone as much as possible. I cannot but hope that this expresses what is the attitude of the Government if the very able speech which Mr. Runciman delivered in the House of Commons on April 3, is any criterion.

As regards the inner organisation of industry, it is obvious that trades unions and employers' federations are essential, and that no large-scale industry can dispense with them. But their relationship is still not what it ought to be. They inherit too much the unhappy traditions of the nineteenth century in which they faced each other in an implacable spirit of hostility. The will to co-operate does not imply any kind of group management of industry on its commercial side, for a more futile method of control it would pass the wit of man to devise. But closer co-operation in the common problems of production and of industrial conditions generally, without any surrender of the position which it is the duty of each to protect, could be more widely diffused than it is, and such co-operation does not require the intervention of the State to make it operative. I know that this criticism is by no means universally applicable, and that many persons on both sides are fully conscious of its importance. All I can say is 'More power to their elbow'.

There is, of course, always the danger that if an industry becomes too closely co-ordinated it may become too powerful. When the individual parts are isolated they are relatively impotent, but if they coalesce into a whole they may secure a position in which they can establish a racket, dominate the Government and hold the community to ransom. This is another reason why the absolute ownership and control of industry by the State seem to me undesirable. The State is much stronger if it is in an independent position; and Parliament itself, a most ineffective instrument for the actual carrying on of affairs, is a most valuable centre for criticism.

It is, as we all know, the fashion to sneer at the parliamentary system and at Parliament. Like many other things it may require modification and adaptation to changed conditions,

but that is no reason for destroying it. What is the alternative? The intellectuals and the easy-going talk while the toughs, whether of the Right or of the Left, act and seize the citadel. When it has fallen, they realise that they should have talked a trifle less and have been a little more ready to give the toughs a run for their money. For a dictatorship, of whatever colour it be, is on a long view an inherently weak form of Government. Persons who feel themselves strong do not need to parade in a uniform knocking about those who disagree with them or stifling criticism by violence. Such behaviour masks an essential sense of inferiority. Criticism is often very ill-informed but it is nevertheless an essential constituent of a free community. On a short view a dictatorship often cleans up disorder and instils discipline, but it assumes a static condition of society and by depriving its subjects of responsibility it makes no proper provision for its successors.

No Substitute for Individual Self-Reliance

If then I may sum up in a few words, I would say that there is not and never can be any effective substitute in life for individual freedom and self-reliance, but both socially and politically we must recognise that times and conditions have drastically changed and that we must accept as unavoidable increased interference by the State. But such interference should be regarded not with enthusiasm but with regret and with special reluctance in relation to industrial enterprise. The State, therefore, while using its authority to curb the effects of extreme and short-sighted individualism and having given the initial impulse to collective action, should encourage industry to manage its own affairs. To be regimented from the cradle to the grave in a community in which every other person is an official and in which we can do nothing until we have filled in the appropriate form and received an official permit is not an agreeable prospect.

In the ideal State what we really need is both freedom and responsibility and we must refuse to admit that we cannot have both. But whether we shall or not depends on ourselves, on you and me. We get the kind of Government and the kind of freedom that we deserve. We cannot in the ultimate resort 'pass the buck' as the Americans say, to anybody, however much we may abuse the Government or whoever it may be. Abusing somebody or something is nothing but a narcotic which saves us the trouble of thinking for ourselves. You and I are, or ought to be, the captains of our fate.

A published version of a series of talks called 'Meet the Detective' recently broadcast from the Empire Station has just been brought out. *Meet the Detective* (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.) is a collection of short 'portraits' of some of the most redoubtable heroes of detective and 'thriller' fiction, contributed by the authors themselves. Among the many already renowned characters discussed by their creators are E. C. Bentley's 'Trent', Freeman Wills Crofts' 'Chief Inspector French' and A. E. W. Mason's 'Hanaud'. 'Dr. Fu Manchu', 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' and 'Bull-dog Drummond' are also here.

Victory

Look out and see the shaping sea
Volute towards the shaped shore
Listen and hear deep sounds of joy
And broken waves of grief

While all the people of the world
Imitate the typical life,
The leaping lion and the flying
White foamy albatross.

Breath, what perceives the shape of hills
And colours to the world breathes in,
Bright, animating touch subsides,
The hills are drawn away

While the far people of the world
Are mustering their various signs;
Loudly in scriptural tongues they cry
Sabaoth, Sabaoth.

CHARLES MADGE

Among the British Islanders

'It Isn't Done'

By ARCHIBALD LYALL

The first of a series of talks intended for a learned society on another planet. The speaker is an eminent anthropologist, a native of Mars, who has almost completed his world, or rather earth, tour; but having been informed of the existence of the group of islands we inhabit was persuaded that a short visit to these obscure regions would repay professional study. He has gratefully accepted studio facilities for the purpose of transmitting his earthly impressions to the Royal Marti-graphical Society of his own planet*

I AM speaking to you from the capital of the interesting group of islands situated off the north-west coast of the so-called continent of Europe. They are for the anthropologist among the most remarkable and peculiar districts of Earth, with the possible exception of Tibet, which I did not have an opportunity of visiting but where the people are alleged never to wash from the cradle to the grave, to butter themselves all over and to pray to their gods by twirling a kind of rattle.

I have been privileged during the short time I have so far spent in the British Isles, as they are called, to be taken round by an extremely competent native guide and to experience much hospitality in the homes of the Islanders. I have been able to make many valuable notes on the customs of the inhabitants, whose lives I find to be governed by a rigid etiquette only comparable with that of the Chinese. Like the Chinese, for example, the Islanders are in the habit of paying a, to us, inexplicable respect to the mere fact of old age and senility, assuming apparently that the impairment of a man's physical powers must denote enhancement of his mental ones. Like them, too, they practise ancestor-worship. For instance,

are peculiarly reserved in discussing their customs and beliefs. There is, it seems, actually a taboo on any such discussion. For example, if you demand the reason for any of them an Islander will probably reply, 'It goes without saying', in a tone



Dogs and their pedigrees

which precludes further inquiry. For them no taboo is ever publicly broken, since they blandly deny the breach. If a thing is done of which they disapprove, they will say firmly, in defiance of the observable facts, 'It's not done'.

You will doubtless remember my explaining to you that many of the Papuan and other tribes of Melanesia are in the habit of referring to tabooed subjects by another word. For example, many of these savages have a secret name which is never uttered, and which is known only to themselves and possibly to a priest or medicine man. They are called all their lives by quite another name. Similarly the British Islanders in conversation will refer not by their own names but by quite artificial ones, to such tabooed subjects as sex, old age, poverty, disease, death and drunkenness.

It would be easy to devote an entire lecture to an examination of any one of these branches of taboo. Since time does not permit of us doing so, let us briefly review the last-named. It is not uncommon for an Islander to find himself in a condition of intoxication, and they derive a peculiar pleasure from seeing it counterfeited on the stage of one of their so-called music halls or humorously illustrated on a picture postcard; nevertheless, it is very rarely referred to by its own name except in police court proceedings. If there is one synonym for a man being drunk, there must be twenty or thirty in common use among the Islanders. Indeed, the taboo on the word 'drunk' is so strong that in order to avoid it public authorities will even put up notices over fountains stating that 'this water is not to be used for drinking purposes', a circumlocution so cumbrous



'... Came over with William the Conqueror'

among the 'upper' classes, as they are called, a man was formerly almost entirely, and is still very largely, judged by the length not only of his purse but of his pedigree. A peculiar prestige, akin to that which the Muslims attribute to the descendants of the Prophet, attaches to the man whose ancestors 'came over with' a foreign invader called William the Conqueror—although indeed one might have supposed on purely *a priori* grounds that most of the families which did not do so had been longer in the Islands than those which did. An Islander is not merely, let us say, a Pudlington. He will tell you he is one of the Shropshire Pudlingtons, which is superior to being a Warwickshire Pudlington, not because Shropshire is superior to Warwickshire but because the pedigree of the Shropshire Pudlingtons is longer than that of the Warwickshire Pudlingtons, just as an Aberdeen terrier with a long pedigree is more highly valued than a Yorkshire terrier with a short one. Indeed I noted down remarks which seemed to imply that a person without such a pedigree was in some curious way actually held to lack objective existence at all. Such, at least, was the conclusion I drew from hearing a person in such a position described as 'a nobody'.

It was difficult, however, to confirm this since the Islanders



'It isn't done'

Drawings by Roland Pym

that one can judge from it of the importance attached to the taboo.

The ritual of drinking is a peculiar and intricate one, probably devised by the manufacturers of fermented liquors to

*The speaker was G. R. Schjelderup

reimburse themselves against the increasing taxation levied on them by the Government, which regards their trade as one of its staple sources of revenue. If several men each want a drink, it is 'not done' for them each to buy himself one. Instead, each of them in turn must purchase the complete requirements of the party, while it is the duty of the others to raise their glasses with some cryptic phrase such as 'Here's how', 'Here's mud in your eye', 'Bung-O', or even 'Chin-chin'—a phrase which supports my theory of the Oriental origin of many of the Island customs, for the earliest instance I can find of it occurs in a poem in which the toast is apparently addressed to a Chinaman. This ceremony is observed however large the party drinking, so that if eight men each want one drink apiece they must each of them buy and swallow eight.

The act of eating is similarly hedged round with a curious ritual by the observance or non-observance of which the initiated can readily gauge the social status of the eater. Since this is probably the unconfessed object of these 'table manners', as they are called, they naturally take the form of eating in some difficult and arbitrary way instead of the simple and natural one. Thus the Islanders convey soup to their mouths by means of an instrument known as a spoon, which has a rounded, tapering end obviously designed to be inserted into the mouth. Nevertheless, to use it thus is 'not done', and the 'well-bred' Islander will instead bring it broadside on to his mouth, a perverse method which, besides being inefficient as a means of transferring liquid from a plate to a mouth, tends in the hands of all but the adept to make the soup slop over at the corners of the mouth, thus providing the most searching possible test of the social position of the diner. When some three-quarters of the soup has been consumed the portion left in the plate is obviously very shallow and difficult to pick up with a spoon. At this point the consumer is permitted to tilt the plate away from him, but strictly forbidden to tilt it the natural way towards him.

At the end of a meal the decanter of port may be passed round the table one way but not the other, so that if your neighbour on the right requires to fill his glass, it is necessary to pass the decanter to your neighbour on the left and hope that it will get all round the table without being emptied on the way. It is the more surprising that the ceremonial side of eating should be so important considering the complete indifference of most of the Islanders to the taste or quality of the food consumed. For there can, I think, be little doubt that their palates have not attained the same degree of sensibility as those of their more highly civilised neighbours on the mainland, and particularly the French.

The terms in which an Islander refers to his female friends and relatives form another subtle test of his position in the social hierarchy. Formerly it was largely differences of dress which marked class distinctions, but with higher wages and decreased prices of clothes these have largely vanished, especially in the case of females, although there is still a difference observable between the class which puts on its best clothes to go for a holiday and the class which puts on its worst clothes. For example, a member of the former class will probably refer to his wife as 'the' wife, but a member of the latter as 'my' wife. The one class will refer to a female acquaintance as a 'girl friend' and the other as a 'lady friend', though paradoxically enough it is in the latter case that the friend would be the less likely to be what old-fashioned Islanders would call a 'lady' or, in the quaint old phrase, 'quite quite'.

While the Chinese, reverencing old age, use the word 'old' in a complimentary sense almost equivalent to 'venerable' or 'reverend', the Islanders, less logical, regard advancing age, in spite of the deference paid to it, as a misfortune to be spoken round rather than of. Thus an Islander, or more probably his wife, is said to be 'not so young as she was', 'getting on' or



'Un-English'

'past her first youth'. 'Well-preserved' again is a phrase which means 'older than she looks', and for that reason is much used by women of other women. Oddly enough, however, 'old' is often used also as a term of affection. An Islander will refer to his wife as his 'old woman' irrespective of her age, and will address his friends as 'old boy', 'old man', or even on occasion as 'old thing' or 'old bean' without any offence being intended or taken.

The severest reprobation is reserved for the Islander who fails to revere the taboos of the particular class or society in which he happens to find himself. There is mercy for the believer who breaks them. There is none for the heretic who ignores or mocks them. The severest words of reprobation in the vocabulary of an Islander are 'odd' and 'peculiar'. Just as a brood of chickens will peck to death any of their fellows who differ in any way from themselves, so the Islanders will resent anybody they feel to be different. If there is one thing in the universe one would imagine to be of less moment than another it is whether a man peels an apple towards or away from himself; yet one of my guides assured me solemnly that his family were genuinely concerned because he peeled his apples the opposite way to them and for thirty years had never ceased urging him to do it as they did. The chief object of an

Islander's life is to attain as great a measure of uniformity as possible and to differ in no way from the rest of his class and kind. You will hear an Islander say bitterly of a man, 'Don't know what the fellow wants to dress like that for. Just to look different from other people, I suppose'—an attitude curiously opposite from that which prevails on Mars, where we choose our clothes largely with that very object. It is this resentment of any departure from the normal which has rendered intelligence one of the most hated vices among the Islanders and rendered the word 'clever' one of their strongest terms of condemnation. Another such word is 'un-English', which arises from a contempt for neighbouring peoples so complete that I actually saw a newspaper headline 'Storm in Channel. Continent Isolated'.

I hope to devote a future lecture to a description of Sport and the peculiar ceremonies attached to it, which vary from hitting coloured balls about a table to such grim relics of the Dark Ages as the ritual sacrifice of foxes, stags, hares and pheasants. Other lectures will deal with such subjects as clothes and the extraordinary legal system of the Islanders, but you will realise that only a personal visit could convey adequately to you the amazing habits of these people.

Instinct in Insects

(Continued from page 875)

wonderful migration of Large Whites when I was living on Sark. They gave the effect of actually coming out of the sea as they swarmed over the headland where I was standing. One morning I caught several of the butterflies from the swarm and put them in boxes in the dark. Migration continued all that day and the Whites came in increasing numbers as the sun rose higher in the sky. In the late afternoon I liberated a few of my captives to see what they would do. I wanted to find out whether they would appear lost or bewildered, but without even stopping to feed from the flowers growing on the headland my captives set off immediately in the same direction as the others had taken.

We live in an age of symbolism. The Men's Dress Reform Party announces a Jubilee Midsummer Rally for its supporters at Stratford-on-Avon during the week-end June 21-25. They will attend at specially reduced rates performances of the following plays in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre: *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, *All's Well that Ends Well*. The notice informs us 'Ladies welcomed'.

Religion

The German Church Today

By Dr. ADOLF KELLER

Dr. Keller, a distinguished Swiss theologian, is General Secretary of the European Central Bureau for Inter-Church Aid

THE revolutions sweeping over the whole Continent are not only overthrowing thrones and political systems. They are confronting the Churches with new problems. The oldest Church of the Reformation, that of Germany, is herself going through a religious revolution which is shaking her four hundred years old tradition, her economic and social structure, and which is compelling her to struggle for the maintenance of her evangelical character.

We are looking at the situation in Germany from Switzerland, a neighbouring and neutral country, which stands like a watch-tower above the turmoils of the surrounding revolutions. What we see from this post of observation must be condensed into a general picture showing those leading ideas, or those driving forces, in the German Church revolution of today which may have some importance for Church life in other countries.

Four parties are engaged in the present Church struggle: the 'German Christians', the Confessional Synod, the Roman Catholic Church and the New German Faith Movement.

German Christian Movement

The 'German Christians' represent a religious movement which tries to combine the Gospel of the Reformation with the new message of National-Socialism. According to them, the Church must follow the nation. She must not, this time, miss the opportunity to understand the soul of the people, as she did when Socialism stirred up the hopes of the masses. The Church has not only to feel the pulse of her people in a cool and objective way; she has to share the suffering and also the enthusiasm of a rising nation. She must be thankful for a God-given leader, for the rebirth of national ideals, and has to transfigure them with the light of her divine message.

Reichs-Bishop Müller, the leader of the official Church, which is closely connected with the German Christian Movement, has frequently said that he believed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but also in the intrinsic religious values of the German nation. An unfortunate compromise between religious and political aims, between Christianity and nationalism, is the result. The theologians of the German Christians, such as Professors Hirsch and Wobbermin, or Dr. Stapel, try to justify this compromise by a theological doctrine. According to them, a natural revelation of God can be found in the depths of the soul, in creation itself, therefore in blood and race, in the life of the State, in great events of history and in leading personalities like Adolf Hitler. God is not only in heaven. He is a creative force on this good earth. In the wonders of Nature, in the stream of life which pours out in history, in the manifestations of genius and power, the inner divine light breaks forth from the depths of the human soul. This is a kind of natural theology, laying quite as much emphasis on creation as on redemption, on hero-worship as on obedience to the sovereign God.

The Confessional Synod

But this theology and its supporting party, the 'German Christians', are vehemently opposed by the second group, the Confessional Synod. They abhor the new gospel of the blood and the race and the State. Their slogan is not that of the German Christians: 'Forward with a National Movement!'—but 'Back to the Reformation! Back to the Bible and the Word of God!' They recognise the rebirth of the life of the nation, the necessity of a leader, but they refuse to recognise in spiritual matters any other authority than that of the sole Lord of the Church, Jesus Christ. They refuse to confuse politics and the Gospel. They object to a natural theology which finds God's revelation elsewhere than in the Bible and in the Word of God as given in the Gospel of Christ.

This movement began with the resistance of hundreds of pastors to the ecclesiastical decrees by which Reichs-Bishop Müller tried to assimilate the Church into a political system.

His aim was to form a great united national Church, irrespective of historical confessions of faith. Resistance to this dangerous confusion, and compromise in matters of faith was at once aroused. Reichs-Bishop Müller and his associate, Dr. Jaeger, in vain used violence to subdue the revolting pastors of this Confessional movement. Hundreds were deposed, bishops and professors were sent away, churches were closed or occupied by the police, free speech was forbidden, intrepid leaders like Bodelschwinger or Dibelius were muzzled, books and outspoken periodicals were suppressed. Even the legal basis of the Constitution was abandoned. Force went before right; national ideals before the inviolable right of conscience.

In vain!

The result of such forceful measures was just the opposite of what was desired. The violated conscience rose in a mighty storm of protest, and felt once more compelled to confess its faith. Fraternities of pastors in the Rhineland and all over Germany took the lead; congregations and Churches followed. A protest movement, which could no longer be ignored by the Government, swept over the country. When Bishop Wurm of Württemberg and Bishop Meiser of Bavaria were deposed, the Evangelical Church people did not follow the imposed shepherds, but their own acknowledged spiritual leaders, and a fellowship of faith was formed thereby such as the German Church had not seen since the time of the religious wars. The old experience became again true—that persecution and suffering awaken and deepen spiritual life.

This Confessional group did not leave the Church. On the contrary, they claimed to be *the* Church, the real Church, the authentic Church of the Reformation. This conviction was solemnly confirmed in several Confessional Synods at Barmen and Berlin. A new leader was elected in the person of Praeses Koch of Westphalia, then Bishop Mahrrens from Hanover. Germany had again the rare spectacle of a militant Church, confessing her faith and willing to suffer for the sake of the Gospel and defending its message against un-Evangelical influences and falsifications. In this defence of Christian truth against an un-Evangelical compromise with political ideals, theology plays a much larger part in Germany than anywhere else in the world. Nobody can understand the German Church conflict without having an idea of the underlying theological convictions.

A Revolution with a Theology

The German Revolution is a revolution with a theology, and each of the various Church groups tries to justify its position by theological formulas which are not only rediscovered in the old declarations of faith; they are forged afresh by the theologians of all parties. Looking from afar, one has the impression that the struggle is around ecclesiastical parties or personal leaders in the Church. Looking deeper into the controversy one sees that the struggle is focused in theological doctrine, in a conflict between an old and a new theology, the old Gospel and a new religious myth.

One man has an outstanding position in the midst of this struggle—Karl Barth, Professor of Theology at the University of Bonn. It is his Swiss origin, no doubt, which inspired in him an unusual measure of fierce independence. He threw his daring 'No's' vehemently into the faces of Ministers of State, bishops and theologians who were seduced by a vision of a Church which had made peace with the world and with a political philosophy. Karl Barth stands firmly on the fundamentals of the Evangelical tradition of the Reformation. He admits, therefore, no other source for the Christian message than the Bible. No gospel of the blood, or of nature, or of Northern mythology, or of Aryan mysticism—God's Word alone. He stresses, against any other sovereignty—be it of leaders, bishops, party chiefs, and even Churches—the sole sovereignty of God. He sees no other way to God than by

grace alone. He has no other life ideal than obedience to Christ; no hero worship, no reliance on one's own efforts, will do, only following Christ in faith and obedience.

The first synod of the Confessional group, meeting at Barmen in May of last year, adopted a declaration of faith which had been largely formulated by Karl Barth himself. It met not only with the approval of its own Reformed and Presbyterian fellow-Christians but even of genuine Lutherans, who, since the Synod of Augsburg in 1530, have steadfastly opposed any union with Presbyterians. This second army, the Confessional Synod, is leading today in the struggle for Evangelical tradition and liberty, for the independence of the Church of Christ and for its old Gospel.

The Roman Catholic Church in Germany

Given the importance of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany in the present struggle, a few words must be added concerning her position. In spite of a Concordat concluded with the State, the Roman Church resents deeply, and in the same way as the Confessional Church, any 'totalitarian' claim of the State, any interference of political leaders with matters spiritual, any compromise of the Christian doctrine with Nordic tales and a modernist gospel of blood and race. Cardinal Faulhaber said, for instance, in a sermon a short time ago: 'We have not been redeemed by German blood, but by the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ'—a truth to which Catholics and Protestants alike subscribe. A common Christian front is therefore in process of formation between Evangelicals and Catholics. Both feel threatened by the new German Faith Movement. Evangelicals as well as Roman Catholics resent, as Archbishop Groeber of Fribourg quite recently stated, the formation of one united National Church including the Roman as well as the Evangelical Church.

German Faith Movement

The fourth party in the struggle, as I said, is the German Faith Movement. It is a comprehensive name for quite a number of religious groups whose common denominator is their hostility to Christianity. They believe in the religious forces inherent in mankind. It is the mysticism which manifests itself whenever old religions and cultures are about to disintegrate. They call themselves pagans, and take it as a name of honour, which was long ago a prophecy of Friedrich Nietzsche. What is this neo-paganism? For certain groups of this German Faith Movement it means the going back to old Nordic tales of Germanic gods and heroes, who symbolise a new ideal of honour, strength and discipline. For other groups, this neo-paganism means the reverence of the God in man, as He was known to old Aryan tribes who discovered the astounding identity of the Atman and the Brahma—the soul and the Godhead. God, for them, is not far away in a transcendent heaven. He is active and present in the mystic values of a noble blood and race. Every new revelation and all forces of good derive from this everflowing source of life.

We see that this neo-paganism is not of a materialistic type. We are confronted here with a new wave of mysticism, which has always found God in the soul. So did great mystics of India as well as those of the Western world. No wonder that some of the leaders of this neo-paganism, such as Professor Hauer of Tübingen, or Dr. Rosenberg, the chief of the cultural propaganda of National-Socialism, see in the teachings of the great mystic, Meister Eckhardt, the true religion for the German people. This mystic of the thirteenth century compares God to a spark kindled in the depth of the human soul. We are assisting here at the birth of a new myth, more and more opposed to the Gospel. Herr Rosenberg wrote a book entitled *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*, which has a tremendous circulation—far more than a million copies. It has become a kind of holy bible for the modern pagan group. Its influence, especially on the young generation, is enormous. It instils into the young minds a real disdain for the 'contemptible little army' of Christians still adhering to the old Gospel, and so powerless to solve the problems of modern man and our present society.

General Ludendorff, another leading member of such a neo-pagan group, said recently on the occasion of the celebration of his seventieth birthday by the whole Reich, that he is a convinced anti-Christian, a heathen, and that he is proud of it. No community of people is possible, according to him, in a Christian State. The Christian doctrine pursues as its sole

purpose the predominance of the Jewish race. If the English people—this is a quotation—wish to remain Christian, it is their own affair, but then they will descend more and more from their former heights. No people can prosper which does not believe in racial purity. At the present time, according to Ludendorff, the German people have gone farther away from the Christian teaching than any other people of the world!

Another document, the *Bible for Germans*, transforms the Apostolic Confession of Faith into the following declaration: 'I believe in man, the mighty Lord of all things and powers on earth. I believe in the German, God's dear other son, conceived under a northern sky, born between the Alps and the Sea, suffered under Popery and Mammonists, condemned to hell by devils of all kinds, resurrected from national death after decades of despair, ascending into the spiritual world of Eckhart, Bach and Goethe, sitting on the right hand of the eternal God together with the brother from Nazareth. I believe in the Holy Ghost of mankind'. The German Faith Movement claims to be a third confession besides that of the Protestant and Catholic, and to have the same rights in education, in the universities and in the political system.

Cross and Swastika

The religious struggle between these four parties is not yet over. Peace seems to be quite as far away from religion as from politics. During the last few weeks the State has therefore threatened to give up its neutrality and to impose its own solution on the struggling parties. Formerly Adolf Hitler had declared that the new National-Socialist State wishes to protect the Church and even to be her friend, her good comrade.

But a few days ago he said: 'My will has to be your faith!' The Minister of the Interior, Herr Frick, sounded a warning quite recently, and the Minister of Education, Herr Rust, said on April 4, at Cologne, that the State has not to thrash out dogmatic formulas, that National Socialism stands firmly on the basis of positive Christianity, but that 'positive' means fertile and practically efficient work. Adolf Hitler, he said, would protect the cross on the Churches, 'but we shall also hoist the swastika, the crooked cross, on our sport places'.

The official neutrality of Adolf Hitler in the present conflict has practically already been replaced, quite recently, by the use of State force against adherents of the Confessional Synod. The Confessional Synod of the United Church of Prussia issued a protest against the official doctrine of the National Socialist State. They declared that the State holds its dignity and power through the command and gracious ordinance of God. The Christian, they said, is acknowledging with obedience and thankfulness the authority of the State as established and limited by the Word of God. For that reason she must not yield to the conscience-binding totalitarian claim which the new religion ascribes to the State.

When this courageous statement was read from many pulpits, five hundred pastors were arrested, of whom fifteen are still now in prison or in concentration camps. They suffer for Christ's sake. The Church is again beginning to be a Church of witness to the Gospel and a champion of spiritual liberty. Force, oppression and persecution could never in history quench the fire of faith even if the Church had to go down to the catacombs. The present conflict between State and Church is indeed paralleled by a rebirth of spiritual life wherever the Church remembers that Christ's way leads towards the Cross, towards final decisions for or against Him.

The German Church conflict is placing a tremendous problem before the Churches of the whole world. The Universal Christian Council for Life and Work has therefore placed the subject 'Community, Church and State' in the centre of the next World Conference in 1937, probably at Oxford. The German Church struggle is answered by the whole Christian world with a rethinking of the message of the Church for State and World, with a reconsideration of its true nature according to the will of Christ. We are all called upon to share this spiritual effort of our fellow Christians in Germany and to ask ourselves, in all countries, whether our own Churches have been faithful to the task with which they were entrusted by our Lord Jesus Christ.

The talk by Canon C. E. Raven in the 'Way to God' series—'Christ's Claim Today'—has been unavoidably held over from this issue, and will appear on May 29.

The Dominions and the Jubilee

An extract from the talk broadcast on May 15 by the Hon. G. M. Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia

PEOPLE from those parts of the Empire that lie beyond the seas have a way of condensing the rather elaborate phrase 'The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland' into the one word 'Home'—'Home' with a capital H. This usage is not mere economy of words, but is rooted in deeply cherished sentiment as well as sound common sense. Southern Rhodesia, a country nearly twice the size of Great Britain, has attained the position of a self-governing Colony, which means that she has reached the same stage in development and has practically the same Constitution as the great Dominions had at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

At that date Southern Rhodesia was an infant, but now she has come of age. We elect our own Parliament, which passes too many Acts, taxes us, and generally muddles along—all in strict accordance with the soundest British traditions. We Rhodesians, it is true, are not keenly interested in the niceties of constitutional dogma, but there is one abiding principle of law, one essential fact, that underlies all that really matters to us: King George V is our King. And I am very grateful for this opportunity of telling 'Home' once again, on behalf of all Southern Rhodesians, the love and loyalty they feel towards Their Majesties and towards the land in which you, who are listening to me, live.

May I say how impressed I am by *this* country's efforts to overcome its difficulties, and the success which is attending their efforts? We in Rhodesia want more people—and above all, more people from here. We have ample room for them, and though, in a sense, they would mean more work and worry for some of us, we would heartily welcome a large influx of families and individuals. We know they could find congenial employment and happy homes with us, but we also know that it would not be fair to let them come unless reasonably certain of a market for what they produce.

Now, this is the only difficulty, but it is a serious one. Southern Rhodesia is a producer of primary commodities. She is rich in a great variety of both minerals and agricultural products. She is *not* a manufacturing country, and she *must export* her raw materials and *import* manufactured goods: and at least three-quarters of her imports have, for years, come from British sources. Can you say the same? This is where you can help us—and yourselves. By buying our commodities you create work in the United Kingdom and enable us to offer homes and employment for your surplus population. Our economic relations with the Old Country are reciprocal, not competitive.

Let me give you one striking example. In Southern Rhodesia we have space, climate, soil, rainfall, and every other factor necessary to produce all the numerous grades and varieties of tobacco needed to supply the United Kingdom with the whole of her requirements of cigarette and pipe tobacco. And it is really good tobacco, too—so good that, whether you know it or not, Southern Rhodesian tobacco is used in 590 different brands of pipe tobacco and 110 brands of cigarettes in Britain, including some of the best. Yet, last year, the United Kingdom imported from *all Empire sources* a little less than one-quarter of the tobacco she consumed. Of this quarter, little less than one-quarter came from Southern Rhodesia—1s. 3d. of every £1 spent on this commodity.

We do not want to compete with our sister States in this market—we wish to co-operate with them. There is room for all. But we do most earnestly suggest to you that it is wise to keep the money 'in the family'.

I mention tobacco merely as an illustration—though an important one. To enumerate the commodities which, with your practical encouragement, Southern Rhodesia could produce abundantly and profitably, would demand far more time than the few minutes I have been privileged to make use of this evening.

The Floodlit River



A view of the floodlighting on the Thames during the Jubilee celebrations, showing illuminated buildings and the President. 'This floodlighting!' said Cecil Maiden in a talk in the Empire programmes. 'I have never seen the Thames quite so gay and exciting. Standing in the middle of Westminster Bridge we see the brilliant amber-lit reflection of Big Ben pointing out to us across the water from the North Bank, and a strange green arctic glare meeting it from the County Hall on the South side. Eastward the river is just a ribbon of intermittent reflected brilliance and indigo shade. The big Shell-Mex building is floodlit, so is the Savoy Hotel. Farther on beyond the temporary Waterloo Bridge, other great office buildings are floodlit—Unilever House, like a huge, still beacon over Blackfriars Bridge, Adelaide House, and others. And finally, ahead of us . . . towering high over the black shadows in the Pool of London, where there is *no* floodlighting . . . glows St. Paul's, the noblest sight of them all, its great dome like a dazzling, golden crown above the Capital's Jubilee celebrations'.

The American Half-Hour

The Englishman Goes West

Speaight continues his journey across the United States, meeting with a cowboy on the way

Arranged by ALISTAIR COOKE

COOKE: Our Englishman is now driving across the plains of Kansas heading for the West—that land that we perhaps have our vaguest ideas about. He is now about sixteen hundred miles from New York, and though theoretically he is almost in the West, he still has about another fourteen hundred miles to go before he will see the Pacific.

At one point he follows a famous trail—the Oregon trail which pioneers took after the depression following on the panic of 1837. Until this century, whenever an American found himself in desperate poverty in his own town he could always go West to a mythical land where, if you once could conquer the fabulous buffaloes and the Indians, perhaps an equally fabulous fortune would be waiting. Hundreds of families tied their belongings together, crowded into caravans and, fearing the Indians less than starvation, moved wearily across these barren prairies. But hundreds of empty miles broke their backs and their spirits and many of them, grateful for the sight of water, would stay by a river and try to build a second home. Almost across Kansas, Speaight passes through small, untidy towns which bear some such sad brave name as Independence or Difficulty or Fortitude. They are pathetic relics of some family's ambition or final defeat.

But now as he goes over into Colorado and up towards Wyoming, he crosses that huge belt of ranching country which stretches two thousand miles from Texas in the south to Mon-

tana in the north. He drives a day and some of the night through parched dry roads and passes scarcely anybody but farmers, a few cowboys—and one cheerful soul with an Irish accent who refuses to take a lift in his car. This refusal puzzles Speaight. But he doesn't know that he has met one of a great race, the race of American bums. These happy-go-lucky tramps, who roam up and down the continent, haven't much interest in jobs, know the drug-store keepers, the bar tenders, and the cops for a couple of thousand miles. They are already a part of American literature, and the songs that they have made are permanent snatches of American folk music.

Now Speaight has crossed Colorado and is going up into Wyoming. He comes now to towns with names like Eureka and Sunrise and Sharon Springs. In such places weary pioneers saw from the flaps of their caravans the mountains, the huge glittering peaks of the Rockies over which the sun shone and promised them a paradise.

Speaight stops first at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in a sort of drug-store and saloon. Here he is talking with Lefty Lumb, a cowboy:

SPEAIGHT: You lived here all your life?

LUMB: Sure. I'd feel kinda cramped in the East, I guess. Reckon you're on your way to a dude ranch?

SPEAIGHT: What's that?

LUMB: Well, I guess you ain't at that. Pardon me. A dude ranch is a sort of ranch for city-folk on a vacation. They keep a



A bird's eye view of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, showing the rugged country typical of the state



Yellowstone Park: The Devil's Canyon geysers

E.N.A.

few calves around. Gives the folk a warm feeling. Makes them sort of feel they're workin' on a ranch.

SPEAIGHT: More like a tourist camp, I suppose.

LUMB: Guess you'd call it that. A bunch of sissy college kids sort of get the chance to show off their brand-new ten-gallon hat. Yes, sir, it's a great life.

COOKE: Speaight moves on—his next stop is fifty miles from Yellowstone at Cody, Wyoming . . . named after a great man whom we give you as the American of the Week.

William Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, was a rider in the Pony Express Mail Service which from 1860 operated between Independence, Missouri and Sacramento, California . . . a regular service on the backs of ponies of 1,950 miles . . . undertaken to deliver mails in the face of heat, wilderness and Indians. When the first western railroad was extended beyond Kansas, William Cody found himself out of a job. He joined the United States' army and became a scout, then a cavalryman. In 1867 he made a contract—a pretty mad contract it was—with the Kansas Pacific

railroad. He promised to furnish them with buffalo meat to feed the workers building the railroad. This was dangerous for several reasons, not only because the buffaloes covered the country like grass—the first train across travelled 120 miles through one herd—but because buffalo meat was the daily bread of the Indian. In the first year, Colonel Cody killed 4,300 buffalo personally, and to do it he had to fight continually against two intrepid tribes, the Sioux and the Cheyennes. Now, in Wyoming, the only place you'll see buffalo is in captivity in Yellowstone Park.

Speaight moves on to Yellowstone National Park . . . a

nice little American park, 270 miles long and about 50 miles wide. Yellowstone has snow and sandy canyons, huge pine trees, toppling mountains, lakes that glitter a fine blue from deep skies; thick woods, frightening waterfalls, bears, pumas, elks, deer and, to relieve the tension, those minute chipmunks, an animal smaller than a squirrel, with a body like a rat, the tail of a squirrel, the face of a rabbit and stripes down its back. All it does is wait for a car to come



Typical dude ranch

E.N.A.



Chipmunk

back to Cody and said that he had seen huge fountains of boiling water spurting from the ground. 'Oh, you did', said his friends, 'and what colour were these fountains?' 'They were blue and purple', he said. The man was a westerner and nobody bothered to believe him. Today you can go and verify his eyesight for yourself. Almost anything can happen in the West and if western stories are to be credited, almost everything has. One of the greatest of all American comic characters is a legendary westerner, combining the enormous courage and

along, then it rushes out in to the middle of the road, prays it won't be run over, isn't—though you nearly topple down precipices trying to avoid it. And then it scuttles back into hiding till the next car comes.

Yellowstone is a span of magnificent western country civilised by fine roads that help you to penetrate it.

No wonder that from this fabulous western country there came, last century, strange, unbelievable stories. One day a man staggered

the enormous gift for telling lies that somehow western people are supposed to have. This legendary figure was created last century and his name was Crockett. Children of the West are still told about him. He was said to be 'shaggy as a bear, wolfish about the head, and could grin like a hyena until the bark would curl off a gum log'. When he died it was said 'There's a great rejoicin' among the bears of Kaintuck and the alligators of



Buffalo stampede

the Mississippi rolls up thar shinin' ribs to the sun, and the rattlesnakes come up out of thar holes and frolic within ten foot of the clearings, and the foxes goes to sleep in the goosepens. It is bekos the rifle of Crockett is silent for ever'.

Notes for Your Diary—June

This calendar of important concerts, operatic relays, plays, talks, etc. in the broadcast programmes is intended to help listeners to make advance arrangements for the coming month. Items in italics refer to events which do not at present figure in the broadcast programmes

JUNE	TIME*	PROGRAMME	
1	8.30	NAT.	Noel Coward's 'Bitter Sweet' (Evelyn Laye)
3	10.45 a.m.	NAT.	Trooping the Colour
	8.30	NAT.	London Music Festival: Fifth Concert. Brahms' Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Elgar's Enigma Variations, etc. (Toscanini)
4	9.0	REG.	Schnitzler's 'Liebelei' (Carol Goodner, Thea Holme)
5	2.35	NAT.	The Derby: commentary by R. C. Lyle
	8.30	REG.	<i>May Week begins at Cambridge</i>
	8.30	NAT.	London Music Festival: Sixth Concert. Brahms' Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Wagner (Toscanini)
	10.0	NAT.	'Scrapbook for 1905', with the assistance of Seymour Hicks, Camille Clifford, C. B. Fry, Wilkie Bard, etc.
6	8.0	NAT.	A. J. Alan: short story
	9.0	REG.	Schnitzler's 'Liebelei' (see June 4)
7	8.40	REG.	'Scrapbook for 1905' (see June 5)
	9.0	REG.	A. J. Alan: short story
8	10.0	NAT.	Bizet's 'Carmen', Act II, from Covent Garden
9	5.30	NAT.	Puccini's 'La Bohème', Act III, from Covent Garden
10	8.0	NAT.	Shakespeare's 'Much Ado About Nothing' (D. A. Clarke-Smith, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies)
	9.55	REG.	<i>Handel Celebrations begin at Cambridge</i>
11	8.30	REG.	Peter Creswell and Arthur Bryant's 'The Golden Hind'
	10.0	NAT.	Bizet's 'Carmen', Act III, from Covent Garden
12	8.30	NAT.	Peter Creswell and Arthur Bryant's 'The Golden Hind'
13	9.30	NAT.	Bernard Shaw on 'Freedom'†
14	8.30	REG.	London Music Festival: Seventh Concert. Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A, Debussy's 'La Mer', etc. (Toscanini)
15	2.50	NAT.	Aldershot Military Tattoo (opening day)
	9.45	NAT.	London Music Festival: Eighth Concert. Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A, Debussy's 'La Mer', Mozart's Symphony No. 35 in D, etc. (Toscanini)
16	7.15	NAT.	Empire Service from Canterbury Cathedral
18	8.45	REG.	Borodin's 'Prince Igor', Act II, from Covent Garden
	10.0	NAT.	Recital: Szigeti (violin) and Stephen Wearing (piano)
19	7.45	NAT.	Canterbury Cathedral Festival. B.B.C. Orchestra (Boult): Serenade
20	8.20	REG.	G. K. Chesterton on 'Freedom'†
21	6.30	NAT.	<i>Opening day of Ascot race meeting</i>
	8.30	NAT.	Canterbury Cathedral Festival. B.B.C. Orchestra (Boult; Harold Williams, the Kent Choir)
22	10.15	NAT.	Recital: Edna Thomas (contralto) and Harriet Cohen (piano)
23	9.0	NAT.	Marcel Boulestin on 'Kitchen Sense'
24	6.30	NAT.	B.B.C. Orchestra (Goossens): Bruckner's Adagio and Scherzo (Symphony No. 6 in A), Debussy-Goossens' Danse (Blanc et Noir), etc.
	8.0	NAT.	Hans Andersen's 'The Nightingale' (play)
25	10.0	NAT.	'Galsworthy's 'Justice' (Leon M. Lion, Arthur Wontner, Malcolm Keen, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies)
26	8.0	NAT.	Cherry Kearton on 'The Hedgerow'
27	8.0	REG.	Opening day of Wimbledon lawn tennis championships (daily broadcasts)
28	6.30	NAT.	<i>Commemoration Week begins at Oxford</i>
	10.15	NAT.	The Bishop of Durham on 'Freedom'
29	3.0	NAT.	H. G. Wells' 'Country of the Blind' (play)
30	9.0	REG.	Marcel Boulestin on 'Kitchen Sense'
			Contemporary Music Concert: Janacek Mass (Sir Henry Wood: Laelia Finneberg, Walter Widdop, and B.B.C. Chorus)
			R.A.F. Display, Hendon
			B.B.C. Orchestra and soloists: 'Messiah'. Part III

*Times are p.m. unless otherwise stated. †These talks may be interchanged

As unavoidable alterations are sometimes made in programme events, listeners are advised to compare the items given above with the weekly programmes

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Marshal Pilsudski

A tribute by the Polish Ambassador broadcast on May 18

I KNOW THE COUNTRY of you, my listeners, well enough to realise that I must speak quite simply, avoiding all embellishments, but it is fortunate for me that I find it easy to do so in the case of Marshal Pilsudski, because his was a plain and downright nature, and it is impossible to speak about his services to my country too highly. I am comforted by the thought that you who hear me are still warm and glowing after your country's glorious manifestation of its loyalty to a beloved Monarch, and you are, therefore, in a mood to appreciate the feelings of the Polish people towards their late leader.

Marshal Pilsudski was, of all Poles, the most worthy to apply to himself the words of our great national poet, Mickiewicz:

My name is million—
Because for millions have I loved and suffered.

He was a statesman with almost uncanny vision, a leader of men who understood how to inspire his countrymen with an intense devotion, and, particularly towards the end of his life, he presented himself as his nation's teacher and guide. Knowing, as he did, some of the weaknesses of the country he loved with all his heart and soul, he could be stern and unbending whenever the higher interests of the community were at stake; but he always respected what was fine in his people, their love of liberty and their ideal of human dignity.

Marshal Pilsudski died after completing the great work of his life—if such a work as he had set before himself could ever be completed. He had carried his nation with him in its struggle for independence. When this aim was achieved, he united in the new Poland its previously disrupted parts: as Commander-in-Chief of his country's armies he warded off victoriously the onslaught from the East which, at the time, was threatening the heart of Europe. When, by his efforts, peace was at last secured, he devoted his untiring energies to establish and organise the Polish State, so enabling it to play its proper part in the peaceful development of Europe.

Peace was, indeed, the animating spirit of his efforts, and it is from this point of view that the foreign policy of Marshal Pilsudski becomes clear and consistent. Before Divine Providence called him from our midst, the late Marshal found time to train and educate those of his closest co-workers, whose duty it is now to carry on his work in the spirit which he has bequeathed them. Though he has left us, he remains and will ever remain to us an example and an inspiration which will renew the living creative energies of our country.

It was the desire of the people he loved and served, that he should be buried in the vaults of the Vavel—under the shadow of which the Vistula, the great river of Poland, flows peacefully along, and where have been resting for eight hundred years the Kings and Heroes of Poland.

COUNT RACZYNSKI

Canonisation of Two English Saints

The Canonisation of Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher was solemnised on May 19 in St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, by Pope Pius XI

IMAGINE A GLORIOUS MAY morning: the bells of the Holy City rang out at 6.30—the streets near the Vatican thronged with every imaginable type of monk, priest, pilgrim and tourist, walking rapidly in the cold clear air towards St. Peter's. Catholic England was represented with some thousands of devout pilgrims, who had come overnight, some of them, to witness the canonisation of these two English saints—the first for two hundred years. Going into St. Peter's was rather like going to a London theatre on the first night of a new revue—shouting and pushing masses of surging men and women (sixteen languages being spoken within forty yards of each other, including Japanese and Finnish) made the entry into the Cathedral an unforgettable sight.

We were in our seats for nearly an hour and a half before anything actually happened in the Cathedral, which was festooned

in red and gold draperies and with literally thousands and thousands of chandeliers of candles—each chandelier holding about fifty lights; and there were great strips and strings of these scintillating, glowing lights running up and down the pilasters and arches, and even running inside the dome.

At last, with a great flash of trumpets and military shouts of the Swiss Papal Guards, the first part of the procession, headed by representatives of the mendicant orders, then the monastic orders, followed at about ten paces by the Canons Regular of the Lateran of the Holy Redeemer, poured into the Basilica. Then followed the vast procession itself. It was greeted with wild clapping and shouting by the excited congregation as the Pope was carried, shoulder high, on his *Sede Gestatoria* with two privy chamberlains holding the enormous fans that are called *flabelli* (they have got handles about fifteen feet long.) The Archbishops were dressed in most gorgeous robes—copes made of red and gold shot material and white mitres—and among them was our new Archbishop Hinsley.

Immediately the Pope was seated on his throne, which was draped with gorgeous hangings of velvet and silk—mostly of red—the Ceremony of Obedience took place. The Cardinals approached one by one and kissed the Pope's hand, and the Primate Archbishops and Bishops kissed the cross on his stole, and the Penitentiaries kissed the Papal foot. Then followed the actual petition of canonisation addressed to the Holy Father by a Master of Ceremonies dressed in black velvet robes in the Medici fashion, and another official called the Consistorial Advocate, dressed in purple and red.

This petition was addressed in no less than three different forms. The first time the Advocate knelt and said the words, *Instanter petit*, meaning 'earnestly begs your Holiness'; and the second time he knelt again and said, *Instantius petit*, meaning 'more earnestly'; and the last time he addressed his petition as *Instantissime petit*—'most earnestly begs'. This curious ritual is intended to give the congregation and His Holiness time to intercede with Almighty God for guidance in the solemn task that they have undertaken.

Finally, the solemn and impressive proclamation was read by the Pope seated on his throne and wearing his gold mitre. He said *ex ecclesia*—as Head of the Church—that the names of Sir Thomas More and Bishop John Fisher had been added to the catalogue of sacred names as Saints. The service closed with celebration of Pontifical Mass—an unforgettable sight, full of wonderful pageantry and symbolic ritual.

PHILIP THORNTON

The Dog About Town

DOG-WORSHIPPERS NOTWITHSTANDING, I'll say what I have to say about the town dog. At one end he emits a most intolerable noise; at the other end . . . his manners are deplorable. Out in the country it doesn't matter very much. He has the wide open spaces for the exercise of his habits and functions. On the farm he's all right: he has work to do and he more or less does it. And because he has a job to do he's trained and he's kept under some sort of discipline. He's a tolerable beast, if not always a lovable one, is a dog in the country. But in the town . . .

I think Mr. Hore-Belisha, in one of his latest regulations for motorists, has hit upon what really ought to apply to dogs. The rule is that in built-up areas where the lamp-posts are less than two-hundred yards apart the motorist must be under special restrictions. I venture to say to Mr. Hore-Belisha that while the distance apart of lamp-posts is a matter which should rightly affect the conduct of motorists it does, in fact, much more closely affect the habits of dogs. Two hundred yards is a goodly stretch. And I would suggest that in built-up areas where the lamp-posts are even less far apart, the keeping of dogs should be made conditional on the owner obtaining not only a licence but a certificate that the dog's yap, howl, or bark is tolerable to mortal ears and that he has been taught his manners. And I would certainly make the encouragement, by master or mistress, of manners likely to annoy those who may later tread that way punishable by heavy fine. I have been in country towns where such was a local by-law and I have been consumed with admiration and envy. Or, if I were dog-dictator of this great and smiling land I would set my loyal staff to the task of producing, by selective breeding, a dog with the kind of utterance and the kind of per-

sonal behaviour that would fit in with the requirements of town life.

Mind you, I'm not asking for a bark-less dog. I ask only for a dog whose bark is better than his bite. There are such dogs. The hound; I rather like the baying of the hound. It isn't the barker that tears the quietude of a street into jagged shreds; it's the yapper. Have you ever tried to think, to work, to calculate, to reason, to compose in words or in music, against the intermittent yapping of one or more dogs whose every yap sounds like the

breaking of an arm in a motor accident? (I've never broken an arm in a motor accident but I can imagine what it sounds like and feels like, and that's how some dogs yap.) Or that other yelping yap that is like the cutting of your finger on the torn edge of a sardine tin. Perhaps you've never noticed these things. Perhaps you're insensitive to the pain of such sounds or your ears are dulled by long use. But some of us are sensitive. What can we do about it?

JOHN HILTON

Hollywood Virus

(Continued from page 858)

recollection does not, of course, make 'The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles' a better play or 'The Devil is a Woman' a better movie. But they help us to know their authors better, for in them you see the wheels going round, you see the tired mechanical parodies of talents that were once exuberant and inventive.



Effective use of a mask in 'The Blue Angel'—

Mr. Sternberg has a talent for thick, morbid melodrama. And at the same time he has a flair for the grotesque. When the second gift is used to offset the first the result is 'The Blue Angel'. The mask that Jannings wore to go mad in was the single masterstroke that Sternberg has given the cinema. For you can bear to watch mad people only when they are in motion, when the interest of watching their expressions makes you forget how permanent is their state. In 'The Blue Angel' Sternberg gave Jannings a mask to wear at the very moment he went mad. And the dribbling, hysterical sounds that came from behind the mask were more horrible because you were made to look at the fixed, grotesque face which was only a comic mask but which was also now the fixity of Jannings' mental condition.

Since that touch, Sternberg has tried to add pathos and terror to almost every situation he has had to deal with. The masks are not being used at a given moment. They are being used at *any* given moment. They have become no more arresting than they would in a carnival. They represent no longer a spiritual state . . . but only Mr. Sternberg's playful lack of spirit. 'The Scarlet Empress' and 'The Devil is a Woman' are the final orgies of a talent which now cannot achieve a single gesture of true grotesque, which there-

fore has to make every room and every scene seep with what the nineteenth century used to call 'atmosphere'. Mr. Sternberg cannot think hard enough, or imagine freshly enough, to make your flesh creep once. So he hopes to give it a vague creepiness all the time by never concentrating on the story, by dressing up his film with irrelevant good looks, by cluttering every room, every clock, every landscape, with balloons, streamers, masks, eucalyptus trees, and half-lights.

In Sternberg's history is the history, the possible history, of every film director and of directors not yet born.

Why should Sternberg go this way? There is a flippant answer which may even be true. It is—he went to Hollywood. There should be no reason why a mature director should not work as conscientiously in Hollywood as in Prague or Berlin. He will meet on an average more distinguished and intelligent writers, novelists, artists in Hollywood in a week than he will meet in any European capital in a year. This is, I assure you, statistically true. But I never yet met anyone who went to Hollywood to *do* his thinking. Most of the famous novelists, critics, sociologists, playwrights are indeed delightfully accessible, touchingly informal. Because it is quite evident that they are taking a busman's holiday. They all relax their standards unselfishly for the good of the party. They are prepared for a few sunny months to give Hollywood the benefit of any artistic doubt. But then when they decide the party's over and it's time to work, somehow they can't get back. The joints creak just a little from story-conferences. They are mentally muscle-bound from lying in the sun. And one tends to say to oneself that it is very churlish to fight for one's personal convictions with so many lovely and disarming people around. And the result is that often very grave, very distinguished men begin to beam with tolerance. They have been injected with Holly-



—and the grotesque run riot in 'The Scarlet Empress'

wood's virus to mankind, Delayed Adolescence. The end is the day when you no longer want to know how people live and behave, but when you want to be reassured and to pass on that reassurance to others around you. It may be the beginning of a charming man, but it's the end of a creative writer or director.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

The Place of Modern Poetry

The discussion between Mr. Cecil Day Lewis and Mr. Paul Engle moves one admirer of Mr. Lewis' verse to ask why the poetry of his group seems to evince such a tepid emotional power. Intellectually exciting though the work of Spender, Auden and Day Lewis is, it rarely or never evokes the authentic thrill which the poetry of the past leads us to expect. This thrill is a physical response akin to that which is wrung from us by music; it is the token perhaps of a direct appeal to some form of memory, conscious or sub-conscious. As illustrations let us take the opening lines of three poems by members of the generation preceding that of Day Lewis:

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
(Julian Grenfell)

We swing ungirded hips
And lightened are our eyes
(Sorley)

I saw the Midlands
Revolve through her hair;
The fields of autumn
Stretching bare
(Lawrence)

In each of these poems a simple opening statement succeeds at once in communicating to the listener an emotional pleasure as quick as that given by the opening bars of a madrigal or of a good folksong. In the case of all bad poets we never seem to get that simple, forthright enjoyment. We have to read and wrestle. The impression gained is that these poets are lopsidedly cerebral, intellectually deliberate in their effort of creation. They 'make' poetry, they do not *sing*! In other words, perhaps, they are not whole, emotionally fused, when they create; they do not seem to be possessed by any sort of ecstasy. Perhaps they never allow themselves to be carried away, as for example A. E. Housman in his Leslie Stephen lecture says he was when bringing his own poems to birth. Putting it in Lawrentian language, they do not allow their demon, if they have one, to say his say. This at any rate is the impression they make on a sympathetic contemporary: an absence of unforced lyric power due to a defective sense of rhythm, or an inability of the heart to dance. Or is it our fault? Is it that we are largely dependent on the traditional images and rhythms to give us the shock of delight? In an age of reconstruction, dependence on the emotional memory, these poets may say, is out of place; we must be deliberately mental, incisively conscious.

Yet if, as Day Lewis says, these poets are out to be the voices of a new community sense, surely they must be able to find the *lift* which will make the people dance, or march. They must write popular poetry in the best sense, new folksongs. It is curious that none of them, save Auden in bits of his 'Birthday Ode', has taken the splendid cue given by Lawrence in 'Pansies'. There was a new folksong, incisive in meaning yet emotionally active, lines which the common people of England might chant or sing without hesitation. Perhaps after all Messrs. Auden, Spender and Day Lewis spend too much of their time among people who write books and talk and too little with the people who do.

Fontmell Magna

ROLF GARDINER

Sooner or later the thoughtful student is driven to seek an increasing unity in art, music, literature, and life. The mind instinctively craves for some coherent meaning in the bewildering maze of experience, so the question 'How does it all join on?' becomes imperative. Thought working on experience tries to outline its salient features. In some such way unity in variety, and a measure of intellectual peace, is attained. THE LISTENER may be regarded as an expression of cultural awareness and its pages, therefore, disclose a certain unity of outlook. For example, on page 840 Lord Eustace Percy's statement that 'the real function of books is to convey experience and the ideas which experience suggests' has a logical connection with the remark on page 537 that 'literature will be considered more and more as a guide to living'. Now, assuming that we can no more have

a 'go as you please' culture than we can a 'do as you like' citizenship, or marriage contract, the following question needs an answer. How and where does modern poetry fit into the scheme of a worth-while culture?

In the Modern Poetry discussion the speakers emphasised the importance of a new language and technique as a vehicle for new ideas. But where are the new ideas in the specimens of poetry quoted? Mr. Engle's engaging remark that the English language today is relatively a dead thing is certainly a new idea to me, but not true. Imitations of the Walt Whitman technique are not essentially modern. Then, if we are to consider the lines 'Barnum said you could fool', etc., as poetry, why not consider this letter as poetry? I suppose Mr. Lewis might retort that there is a 'poetic meaning' in the specimens quoted which passes my understanding. Possibly. But, bearing in mind that *culture is something worth while which can be communicated* to the average intelligent person, these questions arise: (1) Is such poetic meaning worth while? (2) If so, how can it be conveyed to the average person? My impression on reading 'The Express' quotation was that the engine driver was a better poet than the man who wrote about 'the black statements of pistons' passing the gas works. *N.B.*—Gas works invite ribaldry. Odd as it may seem, I believe the old Greek who discovered the 3, 4 and 5 relationship of a right-angled triangle to be a greater poet than either. His idea was new, true, austere, beautiful, and demonstrable. In short, individual reactions, unless related to a worth-while culture, may severely handicap us in the evolutionary struggle. After all, it was not obscure poetic meaning, but sheer intellect which shaped Greek culture into a thing of abiding beauty and worth. Even Rossetti realised that poetry is fundamental brain work. Is the modern poet really wide-awake on the peaks of consciousness? Does he sufficiently realise that every man is not only a spectator but 'up to the neck' in the evolutionary struggle? Or is the modern poet merely an exuberant colt kicking over the traces to the rhythm of 'Much Ado About Nothing'? It is not new vocabularies but new values which are vital. Civilisation needs another Archimedes to distinguish the specific gravity of the pure gold of culture from that of immature whim. So my hail and farewell to the modern poet is 'Take a poke at that problem, kid, if you're looking for trouble'.

Harrow

H. G. MARTIN

Salvation Outside the Church

I have just seen the letters you publish from Mr. A. Brook, Dr. Coulton, and Mr. H. Binns. The first and second cancel out. Mr. Brook quotes page 22 of a booklet I wrote for convert soldiers in the War, and asks whether indeed I therefore hold that the hierarchy of the Established Church cannot be saved. But he does not continue on to page 23, where I allude to the salvation of men who died before Christ's coming; nor to page 42, which explains Baptism by Desire and the salvation even of pagans. Dr. Coulton now demands a sort of historical synopsis of the opinions of Catholics as to the actual salvation of non-Catholics, and rebukes me for allowing what Mr. Brook thinks I disallow, and seems to think I am 'interpreting' Pius IX in a loose and liberal way. Neither I nor Father Lattey (whose letter I had not seen when I wrote my first one, or the beginning of this) is loose or liberal, but exact; Pius requires no interpretation; he is himself interpreting; and no bishop will be found to criticise that Pope. Mr. Binns, however, misleads you. One would suppose that the words quoted by him are (i) Cardinal Gasparri's own, and (ii) part of a catechism taught authoritatively to Catholic children. They are (a) in an appendix (VI) consisting of documents of various dates and value, and (b) this particular one is from a decree for the Jacobites, 1441. The Cardinal therefore accumulates a number of documents, including, e.g. Innocent II's letter (early twelfth century) about a priest who died unbaptised, but none the less 'won the joy of the kingdom of heaven', referring to Augustine (Civ. D., VIII—which apparently should be De Bapt. c. Donatistas, iv 32): 'Then is (it) invisibly fulfilled when, not contempt of religion, but the fact of necessity excludes the ministry of Baptism'; and

Ambrose, De Ob. Val., on Baptism by Desire; and, of course, at full length, exactly what I quoted from Pius IX, to which the index refers readers. Baptism by Desire occurs also of course in the Catechism itself, 160. Mr. Binns inexplicably selects one out of many documents and offers it as an exhaustive statement of Catholic Doctrine, disregarding the fact that it and the rest construct the material from which theologians extract that doctrine. That doctrine is, I repeat, that all who are saved are saved by the grace of Christ. Those who know that He created a Church to which He wished all men to belong, but culpably remain outside it, do not receive that grace. But the Church herself has condemned the Jansenist idea that grace is never given outside herself. As to the incidence of that grace, to whom, to how many, or how, it is given, we know nothing whatsoever. It is certain that all men have their chance of salvation somehow or other. As to how many take it, again we, as Catholics, know nothing. As I said at the outset, sentiments about this (all equally unguaranteed) can differ according to temperament of individual or of period. For 2d. your readers can see this set forth in 'Salvation Outside the Church', P. H. Malden, Catholic Truth Society. It is hard on them to be thus confused by writers seemingly quite unaccustomed to the Catholic method of assessing Catholic documents: what your readers really deserve is a proper statement of the nature of Catholic Authority, whether in connection with this topic, or at large. Meanwhile, the mildest epithet I have heard applied to the third letter I mentioned is 'disingenuous', if only because, in Gasparri, Pius IX's words occur on the very next page to those it quotes.

London, W.1

C. C. MARTINDALE

I claim to differ by a whole horizon from Torquemada, since I repudiate all right of 'roasting' for religion's sake, and have always appealed to reason and to authentic documents. As to the orthodoxy of the *Church Times* correspondent, I judge it from two facts. In the first place, he dutifully quotes *all* the pertinent pronouncements of Pius IX, instead of exercising his private judgment upon these solemn decrees, and presenting the public, as Father Lattey did, with only such snippets as suited the purpose of softening Roman severity. Secondly, he is in the line of all Roman Catholic tradition until a few generations ago, when Roman priests began to explain these things away in the hope of placating Protestants and Agnostics; a point which is made very definitely by the unquestionably orthodox Redemptorist Father Godts. I defy Father Lattey, as I did Father Martindale, to find any orthodox Roman Catholic theologian, until these modern times, who does not agree with the *Church Times* correspondent, as against these two Jesuit Fathers of today. If anything were needed to clinch this, it would be Mr. Harold Binns' quotation from Cardinal Gasparri, whose authority in such matters (with that of his counsellors at Rome) is incomparably greater than that of all the Roman Catholic clergy of Britain, Ireland, and America together. Therefore, if Father Lattey has nothing more beyond sorry jests to offer, I may safely leave him here.

Cambridge

G. G. COULTON

Sex Relations Without Marriage

Mrs. E. Lindsay is in error in supposing her reply to Miss Verner's question answers even a part of that question. I should like to point her letter out (quite impersonally, of course) as the perfect example of an obfuscating answer caused by the interpolation of the word 'God'. The use of a statement, in reply, conveying some meaning of God's (which meanings, incidentally, vary as much as the human individual) always removes the original question to a plane that automatically adjusts the question to the new environment. It is, in fact, modified and fitted to an existing answer. This apparently satisfying method unfortunately often prevents a sane question like Miss Verner's from being answered.

Mrs. Lindsay's quotation from Spinoza is hardly telling in these days of scientific achievement. Things do not arise 'from mere external form'. It is the instinct in activity that causes sexual desire, or lust, to arise. A lust never completely satisfied or satisfactorily sublimated will ever be alert to assert itself through a suitable association; and the 'form' chosen might be a purely mental symbol. Spinoza's *Ethics* are pre-Darwin, so he may be forgiven for talking of the 'freedom of the mind' and of things arising so independently. While I agree with Mrs. Lindsay that sex relations outside marriage may develop into tragedies, I cannot agree that people considering marriage

'are at least more likely to gauge carefully beforehand the true nature of their affection'. There are too many sex tragedies within marriage, recorded and unrecorded, to substantiate that statement. The reasons why sex relations outside marriage develop into tragedies are sociological. The fear of punishment in the form of public disgrace or ostracism is very strong in the human animal. To uphold certain traditions, inaugurated under completely different conditions of social economics, the individuals concerned are forced to subterfuge and secrecy, with the ever-present fear of exposure by the material evidence of their affections—a sense of guilt is the natural concomitant. From this sense of guilt tragedy may and does arise: it is, fortunately, not common. But the fact that individuals are forced to secrecy proves that society has not yet been able to balance an intensely strong and universal instinct with its own laws. The tragedies point to this discrepancy. It is symptomatic of the time that we should place the blame anywhere but where the defects point. Contraception, given a recognised status, would certainly improve matters: it would remove the public evidence of having transgressed society's most ancient and most frequently broken law, and thus remove fear. Unhappiness of a deserted individual would still occur in some cases, but with no hand turned against him or her, Time would assist with his usual skill. And if each individual, male and female, possessed economic independence, Time would have a rapid and easy cure.

Notting Hill

R. S. LONG

Freedom—in Theory and Practice

Mr. Wyndham Lewis has, I believe, touched the vulnerable spot in all the talks on freedom, by pointing out the discrepancies between theory and practice. My own view is, that not only is there in practice very little freedom, but in theory very little defence for it. In practice in present-day democracy the maximum of freedom belongs to those who seem least able to profit by it—namely, our unemployed.

In theory, it is certain that freedom (if such a thing exists) is only in the pursuance of good, and all rebellion against this object spells slavery. Freedom should therefore be given to men only in proportion to their proved capacity for service. With all our 'democratic jargon' we are not wiser than our fathers, who realised that humanity in the nature of things is an aristocracy, consisting of born rulers and born servants. Any examination will prove this, as every teacher knows, destroying democracy like a sandcastle. The parable of the talents is still as true of society as it was when first spoken.

Bradford

JOSEPH K. HAMMOND

Jubilee Decorations

I do hope you will not lend your columns to anyone who wants to grouse about the Silver Jubilee, especially the type who will always criticise, but has no practical suggestion to make. Our hearts are too full of thankfulness for a wonderful week to listen to any Jeremiahs. I had not the fortune to see the London decorations, but I have seen them in dozens of small villages in Devonshire, and the charm lay in the feeling that it was a family affair, where everyone wanted to show their love to the King in their own way. If I had been in London, I am sure I should have been more thrilled by the efforts made in the poorest districts than by the more elaborate efforts of the West End.

Seaton

H. B. MCKERROW

'Broadcasting in My Time'

While you and your reviewers are obviously entitled to your own opinions about books which you describe, I think you have been less than fair to my book, *Broadcasting in My Time*. The impression that one would get after reading your review is that the book is little more than a compilation of ill-digested gossip. This opinion certainly has the distinction of splendid isolation. Other reviews nearly all strike the same note as that of *The Observer*, which said '*Broadcasting in My Time* represents all that really matters in the history of broadcasting'. I submit that this book represents the first serious examination of broadcasting in all its main aspects. It is not written from the point of view of the B.B.C. but from that of the listener, and it reflects the results of ten years of careful study and of unceasing vigilance in the public interest. This I submit as a statement of fact and a necessary correction of your review.

London, N.W.3

SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Iraq. From Mandate to Independence

By Ernest Main. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

THOUGH SEVERAL BOOKS have appeared during the last ten years with descriptions of the people and country of Iraq, little or nothing has been written of her politics. And yet the politics of modern Iraq are of particular interest, since in this ancient land the mandatory experiment was first brought to a conclusion. Whether this conclusion was satisfactory or not still remains uncertain. Mr. Main, indeed, though admitting that the standard of administration in Iraq is at least as good as that of many other countries belonging to the League, is doubtful whether our abandonment of the mandate was not premature and rather of the nature of a scuttles. But public opinion in England, as expressed in Parliament and in the Press, had for many years past been insistent on the curtailment of our responsibilities in Iraq. When such interests as we might have, namely Imperial communications and oil, were safeguarded as they were safeguarded on paper at least by the Anglo-Iraq Treaty of 1930, which enabled us to maintain R.A.F. aerodromes, and by the agreement between Iraq and the oil companies, there appeared nothing to stay for. It is true that little or no cognisance was taken—except perhaps by members of the Permanent Mandates Commission at Geneva—of the racial and religious differences existing in Iraq, while outsiders were not in a position to know how rosy a picture was painted by the official Ten Year Progress report. Mr. Main rightly ascribes the chief credit for the attainment of Iraq's national ambitions to her first King. Feisal's death in September, 1933, was an incalculable loss to Iraq, since 'for a decade he manipulated ministries, shelved awkward questions and balanced issues between Britain and his extremists until Iraq had been steered into independence in 1932. During these years he repeatedly proved his amazing cleverness as a diplomatist—everything that Iraq achieved appeared to have been achieved by him'. Naturally he had his critics as anyone who attempts to walk the middle of the road is bound to have, but it cannot be disputed that but for him Iraq would hardly be independent today. If ever a man was irreplaceable it was he, for he alone could bridge the wide gap between the townsman and tribesman, who are almost entirely lacking in mutual sympathy and understanding.

The book contains a highly interesting chapter entitled 'Lawrence and the Arabs of Iraq'. Not everyone will agree with Mr. Main's views, but it is time that something should be written of the other side of the Lawrence adventure—not in criticism of Lawrence himself but of the policy which he put into action. Was the British Government correct in selecting the Emir Hussein rather than Ibn Saud as leader of the Arab revolt? On this point the Arab Bureau in Cairo and the authorities in India differed at the time, but it must be remembered that Ibn Saud's position in 1915 was nothing like what it is today. Iraq has many problems yet to solve—minorities (even when the Assyrians leave the country, as leave they must), the establishment of a proper land revenue system, land settlement, the armed tribes (the recent and present serious trouble on the Middle Euphrates emphasises this), and, externally, a by no means friendly Persia; but all her well-wishers will trust that solutions will eventually be found for them all. A strong and prosperous Iraq is essential to Britain. Mr. Main's book, for which Lord Lloyd has written a particularly thoughtful foreword, is well written, and should be read by all students of the history of the Near and Middle East, and by all who are interested in the evolution of a novel idea—the Mandate.

A Falcon on St. Paul's. By J. Wentworth Day Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Day has taken his romantic title from the peregrine that was seen not long ago perching on the gold cross on St. Paul's and viewing the great field of city spread out below. Starting from this point he has a number of pleasant and curious things to tell of the birds that come to visit London, all unsuspected by the greater part of its inhabitants. There is the woodcock that suddenly hurled itself into a portly gentleman who was serenely proceeding along St. James's Street; the quail that preferred low life in the Mile End Road; the pelican that grew weary of the urbanities of St. James's Park, decided to make a fresh start in life and nearly frightened out of her wits a farmer's

wife near Billericay; the moorhens that Mr. Day himself listens to, not only in secluded squares in Kensington but above the roar of Kingsway or Fleet Street. He is essentially a countryman from that essentially country place Wicken Fen in Cambridgeshire and has a real affection for the birds that come to cheer his habitation enforced in London. He is also fond of all sorts of country sports and has a sneaking regard for some not approved of by modern opinion. As a boy he would lie out in wet ditches with the bird catchers, but gave it up when he saw the ultimate misery to which the little victims were brought. Of cock fighting he tells us that it may still be seen by those who know how to look at Newmarket, near Wantage, in Derbyshire, Yorkshire and Lancashire and on the Welsh borders. His own people kept cocks in his boyhood and fought them at a farm near Newmarket, at Wicken and Exning and Royston, and he passes us a hint as to a public-house in Newmarket where the enquirer may possibly, as they used to say in prize-fighting days, be 'given the office'. He tells a story of a famous old trainer who once fought a man in his drawing-room, before Sir John Astley and others, while his wife was at church, to the ruin of the best Sunday carpet and the fury of that lady.

Mr. Day is at his best about birds and beasts rather than men, as to whom he is inclined to adopt too much of the methods of the gossip writer, but he always gets along readily and easily. He has industriously collected a mass of information about London sport in elder days and has a dashing, allusive way with him that sometimes leads him astray. George Payne and George Osbaldeston would turn in their graves at hearing themselves called 'Legs'. That was surely the name for Crockford and the Blands and Jerry Cloves. It stood for the book-makers and not for the sporting gentlemen who filled their pockets for them.

Warren Hastings. By A. Mervyn Davies Nicholson and Watson. 25s.

Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of Bengal, is perhaps the most controversial figure in all history. But both his detractors and admirers are in agreement at least on one point—that but for him, the Empire founded in India by Clive 'would have perished of its own rottenness', that his was the brain that planned the system of administration which converted a decrepit Indian Empire into a British Imperial System and his the genius that saved that system in its darkest hour. His is, in fact, an epic story; but no poet has arisen to tell it. When in 1841, a first biography by the Rev. G. R. Gleig appeared, the author invoked for his pains Macaulay's brilliantly biting review—a terrible Nemesis, because the world remembered only Macaulay's purple patches, forgetting his often very just estimate of the man. Since Gleig there have been many biographers of Hastings. Special studies have also appeared not only to vindicate certain of his actions, but also to place in a fairer light his achievements. Mr. Mervyn Davies in this new biography aims to interpret anew Hastings' contribution. Since his subject is a figure of so much controversy, he has sought to act the part of 'judge' rather than of 'advocate', and within the framework of the story he has succeeded in delineating very ably the evolution of Hastings' character and in emphasising the real nature of his work and principles. 'Perhaps the greatest service Hastings rendered India', he justly observes, 'was in giving the first impetus to a new outlook on the part of the British rulers towards the country they governed. He did this, not by tightening the grip of Britain upon her, but by sublimating the early sordidness of that grip'. Britain and India alike are indebted to Hastings. 'The wealth of India was poisoning the stream of English life. . . . Unchecked greed threatened to destroy both the victim and oppressor. Britain was saved when Hastings attacked the evil at its source. To India likewise he was a benefactor because he saved its civilisation from a state of collapse'.

Equally with Edmund Burke, Hastings was an expression of the growing humanitarian spirit of the age. If Burke proclaimed the doctrine of trusteeship, Hastings had been the first to apply it in practice. 'He believed as firmly . . . as Burke that the Indian people had rights and that it was the duty of their rulers to maintain them . . . to secure the happiness and prosperity of the people'. To Burke, however, 'the Hindus were a backward race', while Hastings held 'that the institutions of the East were as much entitled to respect as those of the West'. As regards the

commonly-held view that the trial of Hastings, although a colossal injustice to an individual, was a good thing for India, Mr. Davies concludes that it 'marked no turning-point in British Indian history. . . . If there was a definite turning-point . . . it had already come—and the date was 1772' (when Hastings became Governor of Bengal). How then came Burke to impeach Hastings when there was apparently so much affinity between them? The answer is that 'in his own day no credit was given Hastings for any liberality of view', chiefly because the world was taught to see him through the eyes of Philip Francis, his arch-enemy, who had captured Burke, head and heart and all. And yet Francis really despised India and the Indians. Mr. Davies, however, quotes again the passage (noticed by Dr. Murray, a recent biographer of Burke) from which it would appear that before his association with Francis, Burke had already expressed disapproval of Hastings. But the words, 'if the insinuations of the Committee of Secrecy . . . are true, this man is guilty of everything charged against the Company', were not as he asserts *written* by Burke on *hearing* that Hastings was to be appointed Governor-General. They occur in Henry Cavendish's manuscript notes of Burke's speech in the Commons (May, 1773) during the debates on the Regulation Bill; and in tearing the passage from its context its meaning has been entirely misconstrued. Burke here was not concerned with Hastings, but to defend the Company against the intervention of the Legislature. When Parliament, he argued, put forward as the excuse for intervention the mismanagement of the Company's servants, it was being deliberately dishonest, because it was proposing at the same time to work the new system with the same people, both in the Direction and in India. Mention of Philip Francis will always revive the question, was he Junius? Something there may be in the claims once advanced by Wraxall for Alexander Wedderburn, Clive's celebrated counsel, and a persistent opponent of Hastings, to whose lot it fell, as Lord Loughborough and Chancellor, to acquit Hastings. Francis, if not actually Junius, will be found, I think, to have been closely connected with him. It is no easy task to write a life of Hastings and Mr. Davies has produced an eminently readable book which should have a wide appeal. The volume is well illustrated with an interesting list of Hastings' portraits contributed by Sir Arthur Knapp.

The Maternity and Child Welfare Movement

By G. F. McCleary. King. 7s. 6d.

It is perhaps one of the virtues of preventive medicine that no turn in the road ever brings the worker to his destination. One experiment necessitates another. The Ladies' Sanitary Reform Association of Manchester (1862) begot the trained Health Visitor of today; mass methods of instructing mothers, as in the municipal supply of sterilised milk at St. Helens to combat summer diarrhoea (1899), led to the modern Welfare Centre where babies receive individual advice; concern for the baby's health proved the need of antenatal clinics. All interested in Local Government activities should find Dr. McCleary's book on their tables, for it is not only a history but also a dispassionate and entirely convincing programme. The Child Welfare movement demands a National Maternity Service. It is difficult otherwise to see how doctor, hospital, midwife and health visitor can be welded into united service out of the present mutual suspicion; or neonatal mortality reduced—deaths of babies under four weeks now form one half of the total mortality under one year; or the mother be assured of adequate postnatal care. Dr. McCleary, however, does not discuss the somewhat inadequate qualifications of many of the part-time medical officers appointed to the Centres and Clinics, or the very multiplicity of authorities which sometimes, at any rate, for London workers, results in disheartening confusions. Nevertheless, the only serious criticism of the book is induced by the very enthusiasm it engenders. The author does not put the question whether this country has yet grasped the meaning of preventive medicine. We spend generously on vitamin extracts, but would it not be more useful to teach, or, wiser still, to have taught, shopping and cooking to the mothers? Dr. McCleary emphasises the deplorable fact that there were, in 1933, only sixty-two nursery schools recognised by the Board of Education. What good is it to take all possible care of the mother's health if her own and her husband's have been neglected in adolescent and in pre-school days?

A better written book could not be read either by the dispirited worker or the young reformer, for it is not only a record of ideals come true, but also leads still farther along that never-ending road—the search for first causes.

Drama in School. By George H. Holroyd

Allman. 3s. 6d.

Despite the late Sir Nigel Playfair's statement to the contrary in a Foreword, most schools in this country recognise the value of dramatic experiment. In fact some form of drama has become a commonplace in the curriculum of every reputable school. Where criticism is needed is in the standard of achievement and here the chief deficiency is due to the fact that teachers have only recently realised that dramatic work is a specialist's job, that it is an art whose technique is as difficult as is that of any other art and that it demands both aptitude and training. Where these facts have been recognised there has been a noticeable improvement in production, diction, mounting and dressing, as well as in the whole conception of drama as an essential medium of expression in education. For this improvement credit must be given principally to the British Drama League for its regular courses for teachers and to the type of book which Mr. Holroyd has written. The pity is that his book is little more than a collection of practical hints, for the subject deserves much more comprehensive and scientific treatment than he has thought necessary to give it. Some schools have now reached a standard comparable to that of the professional stage at its best, and this achievement has been attained by adapting all the devices of stagecraft to what the professional stage can never have—the natural, simple, unsophisticated quality which is in children's acting. Mr. Holroyd appreciates this inherent factor in children, but what he has to say about stagecraft will only satisfy beginners. As an elementary treatise it is to be commended, for his attitude is right and his ideals worth following.

War from the Air

By Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton. Nelson. 6s.

This is a timely and stimulating reminder of the immense change that has been brought about in our position by the invention of the aeroplane. Since the defeat of the Spanish Armada England has maintained effective control of the narrow seas; the resulting complete immunity from invasion, which has been the unique privilege of fifteen generations of Britons, has had not a little to do with forming their character and outlook. Liberty and the rights of the individual have had to be subordinated to military necessities in the Continental countries accustomed to the tramp of the invader. Our free institutions depend upon the security guaranteed this Island since Tudor times by the Royal Navy. Commodore Charlton reminds us how all this has been changed in one generation by the 'devilish invention' of the flying machine. From being the most secure, we have become the most vulnerable Great Power in Europe. London, whose position is so peculiarly advantageous for a country dominating the seas, is a terrible hostage to fortune as the capital of a country inferior in the air. For it is closer to the frontiers of potential enemies than their capitals are to our frontiers. Commodore Charlton points out that this will enable enemy bombers to attack us far more frequently than we can attack them. His argument is reinforced by the point he has omitted to emphasise, that having a shorter distance to fly they can carry a far greater weight of bombs than we, who will be obliged to load our machines with a larger proportion of fuel. Commodore Charlton's description of the air bombing of a capital city is in nowise overdone. In fact some of his conclusions, e.g. those concerning gas bombing, seem to err definitely on the side of under-statement. But his picture is shocking enough, and it is to be hoped that his book will obtain a wide circulation and stimulate readers to demand prompt and energetic action from the Government.

Commodore Charlton has apparently been infected by the defeatist attitude, which has for many years dominated our authorities on one very vital point, namely, the assumption that there never can be a real defence against air bombing. No weapon has ever been invented to which there has been no reply. There is no reason to suppose that the bombing aeroplane forms an exception. At the end of the War a method was being developed, by no means unpromising, which might if perfected have prevented bombers from reaching our shores. For fifteen years this method has been dropped. Other possibilities even more hopeful present themselves in large numbers to anyone of inventive mind. But the authorities have decreed that nothing can be done, and the overwhelming proportion of man power and money available for research has been devoted to improving engines and aeroplanes in the hope of deterring attackers by the threat of reprisals. Dozens of the best brains in the country

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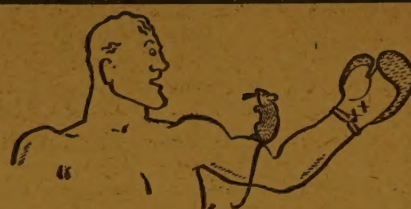
Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun

by W. C. Mackenzie

Andrew Fletcher was the leader in Scottish literature and politics at the time of the Union. 'A vivid and attractive portrait. His hero appears as a true adventurer, bold to recklessness both in action and in imagination—this is a good biography.'—*Manchester Guardian*. Published by the Porpoise Press. 15/-

BBC annual 1935

The BBC Annual differs in many respects from its predecessor, the BBC Year Book: it is changed in format (to size 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. by 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins.) and it attempts to present in a new manner an integrated picture of the BBC's activities as a whole. It is divided into several sections: first, a five-year review of broadcasting; secondly, what may be regarded as the BBC's annual report to listeners of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, followed by a similar report on the Empire Service. Finally there is an important new feature, entitled 'Forum,' consisting of specially written articles by Prof. Ernest Barker, Sir Arnold Wilson, Hamilton Fyfe, Douglas Woodruff, Ernest Newman, Ernst Schoen, Adrian Boulton, Tyrone Guthrie, Wyndham Lewis, C. R. W. Nevinnson, which may be regarded as entirely personal expressions of opinion on differing aspects of BBC activities. There are 192 pages, profusely illustrated: the book is cloth-bound and blocked in gold. It costs 2/6 from all booksellers, etc., or 3/- by post from the BBC, Publications Dept., Broadcasting House, London, W. 1.



mouse and muscle

To many peoples the movement of the muscles, especially of the biceps, has seemed to resemble that of a mouse. As Webster tells us, our word muscle is derived through French from the Latin *musculus*, meaning muscle or little mouse (diminutive of *mūs* mouse).

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with the enthusiastic co-operation of the Government research institutions and unlimited resources ought to be turned on to this supremely important problem. But to agitate for this is considered very bad form.

If Commodore Charlton's book, by underlining the terrors which air bombing holds in store, can induce those who have the power to make the necessary effort to find a real preventive as opposed to a mere deterrent, we may regain that security which we have enjoyed for 400 years and in whose shelter alone democratic institutions can flourish.

The Indian Earthquake. By C. F. Andrews

Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d.

C. F. Andrews has lived closer to Indian opinion than any other foreigner, and his untiring service has won him the name of *Dinabandhu*, 'Friend of the Poor'. You can always learn, from what he stresses, what matters are most in Indian thought. These are not always, by any means, political matters. For example, nothing is more felt by Indians than the subordination into which their affairs are thrust, because of their dependent position in the Empire. Tagore many years ago noted that physical calamities, floods or famines that devastated immense areas, passed unmarked in our press, which found large space for the matrimonial antics of temporary screen celebrities. Behind Mr. Andrews' story is the same sorrow; an earthquake last year ravaged a region as large as Scotland, killing thousands

of people, shattering the harvest, wrecking the railways, shifting the whole contour and shape of the land itself, and it was heard in our far-away island as merely a muffled echo.

There is some excuse to be found for us. Living where the earth's crust has so long been firm, and its volcanic youth sunk in forgetfulness, we can hardly realise the terror that came when men saw rivers rise up like living forms in agony, and hillsides burst asunder. Very vividly does this little book bring the horror home to us, and impressively shows how Bihar has suffered 'large-scale alterations to the whole structure of the countryside'. Enormous jagged fissures have ripped it over thousands of square miles: craters of sterile sand have been heaped on the fields; the drainage has been changed, so that when an abnormal monsoon followed, the stricken areas became flooded and even waterlogged. *Dinabandhu*, with all the authority of an eye-witness, tells of the measures taken by Government and private relief forces, and discusses the effect of the calamity on Indian opinion. Most important of all, he stresses the effect on Indian opinion of our apparent apathy.

Every nation just now is apathetic about the troubles of other nations, each feeling that it needs its breath to cool its own porridge. Nevertheless, with all our unprecedented machinery for reaching a wide public, our wireless and cinema and popular press, we ought to be able to make Indians realise that we can not merely wrangle about their political future, but can feel with quick affectionate sympathy for them as fellow-citizens with us and members of one far-flung family.

'A Jubilee Book'

The Duty of Empire. By Leonard Barnes. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

IN HIS BROADCAST SPEECH to his people, the King specially addressed the children with these words: 'I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be the citizens of a great Empire. As you grow up always keep this thought before you, and when the time comes be ready and proud to give to your country the service of your work, your mind and your heart'. *The Duty of Empire* has been advertised by its publishers as a Jubilee Book, and this, indeed, it is, though it is in no sense a book for children. Its powerful, astringent and ironic argument is the product of an adult mind and of matured experience; its appeal is to the responsible and inquiring citizen; but its message could hardly be more opportune than now in this year of imperial Jubilee.

Mr. Barnes has the trained mind and practical experience of the Colonial Civil Servant, and he has worked overseas acquiring the point of view both of the official directed by Whitehall and the settler directed by the interests of the 'Man on the Spot'. From the basis of this personal knowledge he maintains that we have reached a new stage in our imperial development. We had the period of the old mercantile theory followed by a new period of acquisitive competition for markets and raw materials, and of the nineteenth-century theory that Overseas Lending automatically resulted in Increased Wealth at home. The constitutional freedom of the Dominions granted finally by the Statute of Westminster was not, however, followed by that reconditioning suggested by the Balfour Committee on Trade and Industry. The Ottawa Conference and its results did not reveal those great new possibilities of inter-imperial trade hoped for by Mr. Amery and Lord Beaverbrook. Its experts even recorded their conviction that 'lower tariff barriers would help the flow of trade, and that by the consequent increase of purchasing power among Empire peoples the trade of the world would be increased'. But subsequent events have shown no practical response to that conviction. Since the War our policy has rather been to draw our dependencies into a neo-mercantile system of quotas and tariffs which, far from increasing the purchasing power among Empire peoples, has encouraged low wages and indirect methods of forced labour, until among the 400 millions of India and British Africa we accept it as inevitable that families handling £5 a year are comparatively well off, and that in East Africa the average native can spend less than 2s. a year on British goods. 'Even a modest and gradual expansion of spending power in these markets would mean a notable increase of trade for Britain'. But that increase cannot come without a reorientation of imperial policy, and the direction of that new attitude must be towards freedom and race equality.

So in the end Mr. Barnes leads us to the Socialist position; but

he traverses thither an unusual road. He has gained and shared with us the fruits of his experience first, and formed his convictions later. The finely impassioned plea for greater imagination with which he concludes, for the high spirit of 'poetry' in political conceptions, is not the academic sentimentality of the armchair critic; it is the result of a sober and first-hand study of the results of a hand-to-mouth policy, which have given us neither that material profit which opportunist materialism expects, nor that ethical satisfaction which we might hope from the humanitarian tradition. He believes that more than a moral victory is to be won from the liberation of the coloured subjects of Britain from the restrictions and oppressions which now bind them, even under the philanthropic intentions of the Dual Mandate, and he speaks with knowledge when he says that 'the day-to-day work of colonial administration is already to a large extent in the hands of men who are quite as anxious as themselves (the reformers) to promote genuine native welfare'. There exist already the 'poets' of empire—district commissioners, missionaries, educationists, who have learned how to share the interests and desires of those whose affairs they order, and who already form a body capable of taking over the direction of such a revolution in administrative values as Mr. Barnes demands.

I am aware that this is a provocative book; it is likely to challenge tenaciously held opinions, and to evoke furious denial. But its soberly-handled facts, its ably-handled statistics, its closely reasoned arguments supplement the quietly ferocious brilliance of its style. Those who are certain that all is well with an ever-glorious empire, those who believe that Socialism must mean immediate disintegration or the corruption of neglect, those who take seriously the King's counsel of responsibility and service in imperial affairs, the average citizen who has never bothered one way or the other much about it, should all read *The Duty of Empire*. There is not one who will fail to find interest, challenge, stimulation, and even beauty in its valiant intelligence.

WINIFRED HOLTBY

The Victoria and Albert Museum has just issued its Annual Review for 1934. This is a review of the principle acquisitions during that year, which included the unique gold rosary of late fifteenth or early sixteenth century English workmanship, the valance of Sheldon tapestry in a remarkable state of preservation with its original colours unimpaired, and, from India, the beautiful copper figure of Shiva as Nataraja in the Mrs. H. Bradley bequest. The Review contains thirty plates and other illustrations and can be obtained (price 2s. 6d.; by post 2s. 9d) directly from the Museum or H.M. Stationery Office, or through any bookseller.

New Novels

Mundos: an Unfinished Novel. By Stella Benson. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The Uncertain Glory. By Bruce Marshall. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

The 'Johanna Maria'. By Arthur van Schendel. Cape. 6s.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

MUNDOS and *The Uncertain Glory* represent two contrasting kinds of satire, one as subtle as it could be, the other as obvious as it could be. To say this is not to say that *Mundos* is good and *The Uncertain Glory* bad, however, for both are brilliantly successful up to a point. Stella Benson's satire is really a criticism of human life, and it has no practical object except that perhaps of deflating a little our idea of ourselves. Mr. Marshall sets himself to flay the middle and upper-middle classes of the large Scottish towns and expose the portentous vulgarity of their existence; his object is a very practical one, in other words, but beyond it he has no serious criticism to offer of human life; indeed, when he turns away from the Scottish middle classes to it he relieves himself by sentimentalising it in the most whole-hearted way. This takes away considerably from the value of his criticism, for one cannot prove that the comfortable classes of Edinburgh and Glasgow are impossible by contrasting them with Utopian imaginations; the really telling criticism would have been to contrast them with ordinary decent, not too brilliant human beings. The characters in Stella Benson's book are almost all ordinary decent human beings; the purpose of her satire is to show that they are all as ordinary but perhaps not quite so decent as they look; and when she comes to those who have not even the minimum of decency she requires, her satire actually weakens and is replaced by indignation; she does not know what to do with such obvious figures; they do not fit into her picture of life. On the other hand they fill the whole foreground of Mr. Marshall's, representing an obvious evil that must be attacked. His crucial error is that after he has destroyed the enemy he leaves the field to an army that just as urgently deserves to be destroyed in turn, though for other reasons. Stella Benson leaves everything as she found it, that is as a compromise that satisfies her sense of irony. The satire in both cases is brilliant up to a point, the point at which one feels that real satire should begin.

As a writer Stella Benson is, of course, very greatly superior to Mr. Marshall. *Mundos*, had it been finished, would probably have been one of the best of her novels. It does not show any advance on *Tobit Transplanted*, however; it maintains almost throughout the rare and individual excellence of her other stories; it is not what anyone would have expected, for unexpectedness was a quality of her exquisite talent; but it is very much in a line with the rest of her work. The fine quality of her mind was evident in her earliest books, and it remained almost unchanged to the end; she merely applied her talent to larger and larger themes, making her view of the world more and more complete, and her talent was so true and self-subsistent that one feels this expanding process could have gone on indefinitely. *Mundos* contains thirteen chapters out of seventeen or eighteen which would have completed the story, and without the four or five missing chapters it is impossible to say what specific criticism of life the book was intended to convey. The general criticism is clear enough, however; as in her other books it is a criticism of human vanity and folly, and that would no doubt have formed the basis of her more particular comments. The setting of the book automatically transposes the life it deals with into hypothetical comedy. *Mundos* is a remote island in the Atlantic, and so life in it naturally does not seem to matter so much as the people enjoying it appear to think, nor to be so real as they imagine; Stella Benson, one fancies, would have said this of life in general. Over this island rules an English Governor, Sir Victor Cole, who takes his post seriously. 'He was a really excellent man and from first to last wanted the best for the colony in his charge—but unfortunately it was always a different best from the best that the colony wanted for itself'. He introduces a motor-'bus service, for he is convinced that that is what is most needed; but the 'buses terrify the islanders and then make them so angry that they burn them, along with Sir Victor's Daimler. The islanders are like children; the schools and colleges they are sent to completely upset their wits; and in moments of excitement they become simple savages again. Behind this picture of the life of a small island one can see a picture of a community far better known to us. The official

society of the island is quite unreal and its customs ridiculous; the rulers are faddists or martinets, with no idea of the wishes of the natives; the natives are childish barbarians who want to be left to live their lives undisturbed, are spoiled by education, and exasperated by interference. *Mundos* is clearly a whimsical picture of society as Stella Benson saw it, as well as of the life of a Crown Colony; a picture which strikes one, however, as too obvious, and for a writer of her intelligence curiously inadequate; but the inadequacy is concealed by the whimsicality. The real virtue of the book is in its criticism of human nature, not of society. Sir Victor Cole is an exquisite comment on the impersonal masculine busybody, and George Diss, the native student, a true picture of the vacuous half-educated young man in every land. The virtue of all the figures in this book is that one can recognise them immediately and place them in a quite different world from the one described. Stella Benson's picture of society is partial and amateurish, but her picture of human nature shows the most profound intuition, and only the fact that it is so wittily presented keeps it from being slightly terrifying. She had the secret of turning this terror, or all but a small residue of it, into comedy; that was a great part of her originality as a writer. This book, being one of her best as far as it goes, does not need recommendation; everybody who likes good writing will read it.

The Uncertain Glory describes the public and private life of a modern Scottish town which Mr. Marshall has called Kilmechar. Every class except the poorest comes in for the author's genially savage attention: the various denominations of ministers, the university professors, the lawyers, tradesmen, brothel-keepers, town councillors: and the result is a description of Scottish town life such as a very scandalous or very truthful newspaper might give if the law of libel did not exist. This does not mean that Mr. Marshall's characters are thinly disguised public figures; he has obviously invented them; but their actions give a very true satirical idea of Scottish town life, nevertheless. The plan of the book is somewhat haphazard, and the last half of it is not so good as the first. The more admirable characters are also excessively romanticised; the women, whether good or bad, are impossible, except for the very skilfully drawn portrait of Fiona Campbell, a young girl eaten up with vanity and respectability; but the actual councillors, procurers, lawyers and lecturers are portrayed with immense spirit, so that one actually enjoys their ignominious writhings. Many of the scenes in the story are broad farce, and these are splendidly sustained. The book cannot be taken quite seriously, either as a satire or a novel, but it is an extremely entertaining farrago, and a relevant comment on its subject.

The 'Johanna Maria' is the story of a sailor's love for a ship. It contains no dialogue and very little description of the feelings of the characters, and depends for its effect on a simple and bare relation of events. We are told about the launching of the *Johanna Maria*, of its first sailings, of the various captains who came and went in it, its gradual falling off and degeneration, and its final end. Jacob Brouwer, the sailor who falls in love with it, sails on it under the succession of captains who command it, loses it once or twice, finds it again, and at last fulfils his ambition by becoming its owner. The theme sounds somewhat sentimental, stated in this way, but is not so in reality, for the author makes of the *Johanna Maria* a symbol of human desire which is as valid as a hundred others might be, and a symbol also of the passing of time. There is, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says in his introduction, an epic quality in this story. The story is told with a superb naturalness that makes one forget the telling, and seems to exist as a thing in itself, as a true story should do. The translation from the Dutch, by Brian W. Downs, is an excellent piece of English.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Land of Women*, by Katharina von Dombrowski (Putnam); *Spring in Tartarus*, by Michael Harrison (Arthur Barker); *The Deeply Rooted*, by Pamela Hinkson (Gollancz)—all at 7s. 6d.; and *Storm Warning*, by Leonid Soboleff (Lovat Dickson, 8s. 6d.).